THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. Terms: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOL. VII. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1874. NO. 30.

Bread and Butter.

The girl engaged in moulding bread
And small make some sweet-heart flutter,
With hope to get the dairy maid
To make his bread and butter.

She may not play the game croquet,
Or French and German stutter,
If well she knows the curd from whey,
And make sweet bread and butter.

In meal and cream she's elbow deep,
And cannot stop to putter;
But says if he will sow and reap,
She'll make his bread and butter.

The dairy maid, the farmer's wife,
Shall be the toast we utter;
Alone man leads a crusty life,
Without good bread and butter.

The First Lesson.

They sit together. On her knee
The open volume lies;
Her dimpled finger points, and he
Looks on, with wondering eyes,
To see her name, with childish lore,
The puzzling letters o'er and o'er.

Around them sing the summer birds;
The summer winds blow cool;
The sunbeams through the branches slip
To twinkle in the pool;
And woodland blossoms bid them look
On Nature's glorious picture book!

Yet still their sunny heads bend low,
The mystic page to scan;
And gently falls her "yes," or "no,"
Where'er the little man
Repeats, by guiding finger led,
The words her sweet young voice has said.

"A stands for angels—far above
The earth they watch us now;
Perhaps their waving pinions move
The curls upon your brow!
B stands for blue—the color, dear,
Of heaven, and of your eyes so clear!

"C stands for curls upon your head;
D is for dimples deep;
E for your ear, so soft and red;
F for your little feet;
G is the gold that tints your hair;
H is your hand, so small and fair;

"I is for pretty Isabel;
J is for John and Jim;
K is for Karl—you know him well—
You often speak to him;
L is for love—from God it came;
M is for mother—sweetest name!"

And thus her gentle voice goes on
Through all the alphabet;—
She names the letters, one by one,
And, lest he should forget,
She names with each some simple word,
By her young, pupil often heard.

And often, as she speaks, she bends
To kiss his forehead fair,
Or wind about her little hand
His soft and shining hair,
Or whisper in his pearly ear,
With tender look, "I love you, dear!"

Perhaps when far in future years,
With cares and sorrows rife,
He cons the lessons all must learn
From the stern teacher, Life,
His soul will gather faith and power
From thought of this calm childhood hour!

SERGIUS RAZOUMOF.

Some friends had induced me to visit Ostend. I was passing my last evening at the Kursaal when a man whose aspect contrasted strangely with the commonplace faces among which I had lived since my arrival came and sat down a short distance from me. As he did so the people who sat nearest to him pushed their chairs away, and a murmur arose among the ladies; eyes were directed toward him, and even fingers were pointed at him; but the newcomer did not seem to notice the stir, but remained motionless in his chair.

A friend of mine passed by. I pointed out the unknown to him.

"Do you know that man?" I inquired.

"Sergius Razoumof. A queer fellow."

"You know his history?"

"So so. A terrible history. You must get Philippe to tell it to you."

I went at once in search of Philippe—a Russian whom I had met at different watering-places, and with whom I had a speaking acquaintance. I found him in the Princes' Pavilion.

"I want you to tell me Sergius Razoumof's history.

"Well, let us go to supper, and I will tell it." I led him to the Pavilion de l'Estacade, and at the second course he began his narrative.

"Sergius and I were fellow-students at the University of Moscow. We both came from the country, and at home we were neighbors. He was like a young maiden in sweetness of disposition and in timidity. His timidity was of such a nature that one could discern in him the presence of a trouble that had weighted him down from infancy. He spoke but seldom, kept himself apart from others, and studied diligently. We liked him as one likes inoffensive beings, inspired by that sentiment in which proud pity has always more or less a share. In fact, Sergius had experienced a hard childhood. His father resided in the governorship of K——. He was a rich man, miserably stingy, and frightfully rude. His face was yellow and bony, his eyes chilling in their looks, and with the sly and suspicous expression of a miser's eyes. His wife had died two years after the birth of his son. It was said in the country around that he had killed her. She was a girl of good family, and had been delicately nurtured. She wished to rear her child in ease. The old curmudgeon objected, but she paid no heed to his words. From this moment the mother and child were subjected, with an inflexible rigor, to the lot of serfs. She was shut up, treated like a servant, and the poor woman died from the effects.

"The child grew up under this terrible master, who, from the time Sergius was six years old, compelled him to take together the rubbish in the yard, while he beat him unmercifully.

"It was a dream of the father's to make his son a sort of head man on his estate and to extract from him all the money that he refused to spend for his education. He sent little Sergius to the field to dig, to hoe, and to labor.

"But one day the brother of Razoumof came to the old house which, from neglect, had nearly gone to decay. He was a very rich bachelor, and Sergius was to be his heir. He was a somewhat cultivated man, and he could not comprehead the neglect with which Razoumof treated his sons. He insisted that the child should be sent immediately to Moscow to undertake his studies. 'Unless he does so,' he added, 'he will inherit nothing from me.' The father shuddered at this last remark as much as at the thought of the expense which would be entailed upon him by the education of his son. He wept, entreated, declared that he would give his son a brilliant education at home. The brother persisted, and the child was sent to Moscow.

"He remained eight years at Moscow. At the age of twenty-one he had completed his studies, in which he had distinguished himself, and was preparing for travel in foreign countries when his uncle died. At the moment when he heard of the death of his uncle he was ordered by his father to return home forthwith. Submissive boy as he always was, he obeyed. He found his father dryer, leaner, more yellow, and more of a skinflint than ever. He saw the old house with its narrow windows and greenish window-panes, some of the latter gone and the holes which they had left stuffed with old dishcloths and shreds of paper. The planks of the roof, once red, were sprung and worn-eaten. He saw in the large yard the same puddles in which when a child he had dabbled with ducks and geese; the same garden overrun with weeds and nettles. He went into the antechamber and aroused a swarm of flies which buzzed about, knocking against the wall and ceiling; in the room were old shoes run down off the heel, bits of leather, rakes with broken teeth, battered spades, scraps of rusty iron, a jug of kwas in the corner, and in the middle of all an emaciated child in tatters who was winding off thread into skeins.

"His father received him in silence, with a bantering look which seemed to say, 'Here you are back again, my boy, eh? Now that you have inherited, you will recommence your life just where you left off eight years ago. Leave books and writings for others; as for you, you shall be, as I have always desired you to be, a serious man, and you will inherit from me with more difficulty than you did from your uncle.'

"The uncle's estate was distant one day's journey from old Razoumof's house. Razoumof leased it out, and immediately placed a spade and a plow in the hands of Sergius. These hands, like his mind, had become delicate. This paternal persistency and self-will was a terrible blow to Sergius. He saw crushed to earth all his dreams of a higher life which had already began to dawn—study, the interchange of thought with distinguished minds, poetry—but he did not dare to revolt.

"'Whatever may be the misery of the remainder of my days,' he said to himself, 'I at least will have lived eight years.

"He had brought a few books with him; his father opened his trunk, saw them and carried them away. An hour afterward Sergius detected a strange smell of burnt paper. Razoumof, who had for a long time done his own cooking, was warming over the flame of the burning books a dish which he had cooked on the day before. Sergius resumed his work in the fields and kept down the bitterness of his sorrow.

"And thus two years passed away.

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"One autumn morning, with pickaxe on shoulder, wearing a shabby black coat, the sole remaining garment left from his wardrobe at Moscow, he was passing through a grove of fir-trees on his way to the fields. He met a young girl who was gathering mushrooms. She wore a white and blue stripped petticoat, a cloak of dark cloth, and an embroidered apron. Her blonde tresses escaped from under a wide-brimmed straw hat. The lightness of her movements, the graceful curves of her young form attracted him. She was not a peasant girl. He paused in his walk, blushed, and saluted her. She also blushed and returned his salute, and then they stood for a little while gazing at each other like two children. The young girl first stirred and continued on her way. Reaching the verge of the woods she disappeared in a hemp field.

"The same hour on the next day found Sergius at the same place. At a distance he recognized the young girl's straw hat. Hanging to her arm was the little basket which he had seen on the morning before. She was stooping and was gathering, or pretending to gather, mushrooms. He walked toward her, lifted his hat, and passed quickly by without turning around. This manœuvring lasted for eight days. Then he said to himself that there would soon be no mushrooms left, and that some morning he would find himself alone in the woods. On the following day, as if actuated by a despairing resolve, he spoke to the young girl. He learned from her that she was a poor orphan who had been adopted by a childless widow residing in the neighborhood. Reared in a convent, she had just left it to live thenceforth with her benefactress.

"Tatiana, without being beautiful, possessed a certain charm. As is generally the case with Russian women, the animation of her features contrasted with the fixity and depth of her gaze. Endless dreams passed across her face. Her eyes were green, with a shade of gold in them; her shape undulating; her extremities delicate.

"Sergius soon made the acquaintance of Theele Martinovna, the mother by adoption of the young girl. From that time forth he passed his days not in the fields but with them.

"In the morning he would go to Theele Martinovna's house, and would find Tatiana in a grove of willows on the border of a pond near the house, whence she was watching for his coming. From there they would go into the woods, breathing the rosin's delicious and penetrating odor, listening to the drumming of the green woodpecker, and gathering mulberries and hazelnuts. Sometimes they would sit in the clearings between two birch trees, and while Tatiana would make necklaces of wild berries, which resembled grains of coral in the moist verdure, Sergius would cut Tatiana's name with a penknife in the silver bark of the trees.

"Then they would return across the fields, enveloped in the luminous autumnal sun, at every step scaring up innumerable crickets. Reaching the house they would follow Theele Martinovna into the barns, among the chickens, in the enclosure where were ranged the bee-hives, from which they would take delicious combs of perfumed and transparent honey.

"In the evening Tatiana would serve the repast in a clump of raspberry bushes. The bowls of cream were surrounded with branches of holly, the cheese and butter were spread out on vine leaves; there were golden cakes, amber-colored honey, dried figs. They would eat heartily, and laugh without the shadow of care upon them.

"Sergius permitted himself to be overcome in all his being by the sweetness of his impressions. Late at night, and when he thought his father was asleep, he would return home.

"Two or three happy weeks thus followed each other.

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"One morning, just as he was about to pass through the gate of the yard, a garret window opened on its rusty hinges with a grating sound. A yellow, unwashed, wrinkled face appeared at it, and a harsh voice made itself heard.

"'Sergius!'

"Sergius, who had half turned, shuddered in all his limbs and looked at his father.

"'You are going to the fields—to the neighbor's—are you not?' said Razoumof. Then he suddenly added, with a wicked grin: 'Liar, hypocrite, varlet, brigand! If that hussy Tatiana has given you a rendezvous this morning, she must do without you. Come back this instant!'

"Sergius remained for a moment rooted to the spot. The father, accustomed to obedience from the son, closed the window, persuaded as he was that Sergius would leave the place where he was standing only to come into the house. But the young man contined his walk, went through the gate, and directed his steps toward Theele Martinovna's house. When he had walked about half a mile from home he paused and questioned his heart. He felt that he loved Tatiana, and that it was impossible for him to live without her. He resumed his walk and went as far as the pond, where he was certain that he would find his well-beloved.

"She was there. He took her by the hand without speaking, led her up to her mother by adoption, and abruptly said to the old lady:

"'I ask Tatiana of you in marriage.'

"'But your father!' said Theele Martinovna, surprised. 'Tatiana has no dower.'

"'I am twenty-four years of age,' he replied, 'and I have my uncle's estate.'

The good lady, weeping, gave them her blessing.

"Upon his return home, Sergius told his father what he had done. Razoumof, stupefied by this audacity in one who had so long yielded to his tyranny, first stepped back a pace or two and then burst upon his son with terrible imprecations. He cried out, howled, conducted himself like a maniac, threatened him with interdiction by the law, and finally seized an old gun and pointed it point-blank at the young man.

"'Rogue, will you obey me?' he vociferated.

Sergius shook his head negatively, for the first time looking his father full in the face. Love had at last given him courage and the consciousness of his rights.

"'I drive you hence, accursed! Go, I drive you hence!'

"Sergius left his father's presence. He passed the night under a shed, and when the day came he repaired to the farm that he had inherited from his uncle.

"Arrangements were soon made with the lessee, who surrendered his lease, and from that time Sergius devoted himself to repairing, arranging, and adorning the solitary house which was soon to be filled with his love and with his Tatiana's presence.

"On the eve of his marriage he wrote to his father:

"'My Father: I am to be married to-morrow. Your paternal consent would make my happiness complete. You will bear me witness that up to the day when my love gave birth within me to will, which is also a meritorious impulse, I had always rendered to you the respect and obedience that are due to a father. Will you pardon me if you think that I have failed in my duty toward you? Will you see your son again and permit him to present to you her who also desires to call you by the name of father? She is a pure, loving, and devoted young girl. She will love you and will brighten your old days with her presence. For the sake of my mother, who was, I have been told, a good soul and a Christian; in the name of your child's happiness, do not refuse us your blessing.'"

"Razoumof burnt his son's letter as he had burnt his books, gave himself up to a towering rage, beat his servants, who fled in terror from his presence, and shut himself in his room for three days. On the third day, when he emerged for the first time, he extended his hand toward that part of the country where dwelt the rebel and his wife, and exclaimed with a threatening gesture,

"'I will have them yet!'

* * * * * * *

"Sergius at last knew what it was to live.

"A loving wife of sweet disposition and sufficiently cultivated in mind to share the thoughts of her husband, who went back to his cherished studies and to the higher life which he had thought lost forever; independence and solitude for both; what a dream—unexpected and yet made reality!

"He took his wife to the house which he had prepared for her. It was a small white cottage, covered on the outside with virgin's bower and ivy. A little glazed portico, crowned with flowers, gave access to a dining-room furnished with carved maple furniture and rush matting. To the right was the nuptial chamber, blue and white, a true silken nest. To the left was Sergius's study, hung with brown drapery and the furniture of which was bound with old leather, bronzed. In the rear was a small parlor, upholstered in white and gold, containing Tatiana's work-table and two large rosewood bookcases filled with books. The two young people passed their evenings there beneath an alabaster lamp, Sergius reading aloud and Tatiana more absorbed in looking at Sergius than in using her needle. Flowers everywhere, and everywhere joy.

"How unlike the gloomy paternal house was this!

"The garden was as yet only planned, but every day they received parcels of rare plants and seeds. Sergius never left the house except to attend to necessary matters about his estate, and if at times he hunted—for he loved the chase—it was in his garden.

"As for Tatiana, who expanded with love into all those riches of a heart which until then had been able to attach itself only by memories to her parents, who had died when she was very young, and by respect to her benefactress, Theele Martinovna—she had grown beautiful. As in this solitude she lived for her husband alone, every day she dressed herself especially for their cherished evenings, and thus offered him daily the renewed charm and feast of a new Tatiana.

"Nevertheless, Sergius thought of his father. To endeavor to see him once more was absolutely useless. He knew too well the severity of that nature; but he inquired about him from the servants. They told him that he had grown more morose, harder, and more miserly than ever.

"After having grieved over this rupture, which seemed to be forever, Sergius had finally decided upon his course, when one morning, exactly ten months after his marriage, he received the following note:

"'My Son:—I am growing old; I suffer from my isolation. Bring your wife to me. I will warm myself in your youth and happiness. I wish now to pardon and bless.'

"Sergius uttered a cry of joy, hearing which Tatiana ran to him. He showed her the letter. The two children fell into each other's arms. There would be no more clouds in their sky. They felt their hearts to be singularly lighted. These good souls had suffered more from the cruel severity of the old miser than had appeared on the surface.

"'He will at least be there when our child is born,' he said, kissing his wife.

"On the same day they hastened to Irtche, and, on leaving the carriage, they knelt before the terrible old man. He embraced them, blessed them, and proved cordial and affectionate. He entreated them to pass several days under his roof. In the evening the repast was nearly presentable. It comprised a cucumber omelette, buckwheat cakes, some butter, a bottle of wine, nearly all of which the old man drank himself and which made him quite gay. Sergius did not recognize his father.

"Tatiana experienced a gloomy uneasiness in this dilapitated house, which was dirtier than ever. There was not the smallest cranny in it that was not sticky with roaches or flies. But she feared to cast a shadow on the reconciliation so long hoped for, and she did not dare to speak of an immediate return home.

"The day after their arrival Sergius was aroused by a gentle tapping at his window. It was his father who rapped.

"'Come quickly,' said the old man, 'one of the servants has just seen a magnificent roe-buck in the clearing!'

"Sergius dressed himself in haste, kissed his wife, who was still asleep, provided himself with a double-barreled gun, slipped bullets into it, and went out.

"The day was a fine one, the atmosphere balmy, and the white fleecy clouds which showed themselves on the horizon rose only to disappear.

"With a sentiment of love Sergius saw the woods in which he had met Tatiana for the first time. The odor of mosses and mushrooms was in the air. Under his feet cracked the fir-cones and the dry brush wood. A hare started up before him. He gave it its life, he was so happy!

"He made the tour of the clearing, saw no roe-buck, wandered here and there, and began to think that he had barely kissed Tatiana at parting. What was he doing, hunting the roe-buck only a few hours after his arrival at his father's house? Why leave his wife alone in that melancholy house, the sight of which seemed to chill her?

"At this thought he retraced his steps, hastened his walk, and finally commenced to run. When he came in sight of the house, as if ashamed of this somewhat girlish impulse which had carried him away, he slackened his speed. His wife doubtless still was sleeping.

"Suddenly a piercing cry reached his ears. He felt a cold perspiration trickling down his back. With a few bounds he reached the yard and ran toward the door. It was fastened on the inside. At that moment, the cries, piercing in their intesity, recommenced.

"It was his wife who was uttering these shrieks of agony. With a kick he burst the door open.

"In the middle of the hall, Tatiana, half dressed, was stretched on the floor. Two valets held her feet and hands, and two others showered blows on her with switches. The father, with bloodshot eyes, and with his mouth foaming and working convulsively, leaped like like a deer around the victim, crying out:

"'Harder! Harder!'

"Sergius put his gun to his shoulder and fired. The ball entered the mouth of the howling old man and he dropped dead.

"The valets threw themselves sobbing at the feet of Sergius. He repelled them, and lifted Tatiana, who was in frightful convulsions.

"When an hour had elapsed death came to Tatiana's relief.

"On the next day Sergius went out and gave himself into the hands of justice. He was tried and acquitted.

"Notwithstanding this acquittal," added Philippe, "you perceive that this affair has given him a bad reputation here."

At this moment a party of the bathers approach. At the same time Sergius Razoumof passed by us, and his old college mate turned his back on him.

Rat Battues.

The cellars, drains, and slaughter-houses of Paris contain a dense population of rats. They may be killed to any extent, but are never got rid of. It is stated that in all France there are upward of two thousand millions of rats and other rodents, that is, animals who gnaw with their front teeth. The Paris rats take the lead in audacity, and, as a species of game, are hunted for their carcass, their skin, and their fur. During the recent siege of that city rats figured publicly as a marketable commodity for the table, and they may do so again. As an encouragement to their increase in numbers, they are allowed to make nightly visits to the depots for dead horses, the bones of which they strip to the required cleanness. The depots are surrounded by walls, to which they gain access by holes bored all round, every hole being exactly the length of a rat's body, leaving the tail sticking out. Once in every three months there is a grand battue. As the assailants, with noise of tin pans and drums, rush into the enclosure, the rats rush into the holes, and the collector, making a tour of the premises, seizes rat after rat by its tail and transfers it to his bag with amazing dexterity. We are informed that "the privilege of gathering rats on the battue days is farmed out by the authorities, and a profitable business it is. These rats, sleek and fat as they are, usually fare, the skin, and the flesh meet with a ready sale. A recent English writer inclines to think "that a nice plump young rat, fried or roasted, and served up with good gravy and other condiments, would make a very delicious dish." It is, perhaps, only a strong old-fashioned prejudice which keeps Englishmen and Americans from trying the experiment! We have, indeed, heard of Americans who were very glad, during the siege of Paris, to get any thing so good as rats to eat; and it is well known that sailors who have run short of provisions on long voyages not only feel no repugnance to this kind of food, but learn to positively like it. After all, the repugnance lies chiefly in the idea. Many a man in Paris may have breakfasted sumptuously upon rats who would have gone hungry for a week rather than eat it had he known the ingredients of the toothsome dish.

Old Time Punishments.

In Germany a dame who let her tongue wag too freely about her neighbors, used to be compelled to stand upon a block in the market-place, with a heavy stone dangling from her neck, shaped either like a bottle, a loaf, an oval dish, or representing a woman putting out her tongue, unless she happened to be rich enough to buy permission to exchange the hateful stone for a bag of hops, tied round with red ribbon.

In 1637, a woman of Sandwich, in Kent, venturing to take liberties with the good name of "Mrs. Mayoress," had to walk through the streets of the town, preceded by a man tinkling a small bell, bearing an old broom upon her shoulders, from the end of which dangled a wooden mortar. Staffordshire scolds did not get off so easily. They had to follow the bell-man until they showed unmistakable signs of repentance, debarred from giving any one a bit of their mind by the branks, or scolds' bridle, an ingenious arrangement of metal hoops contrived to clap the head and the neck firmly, while the padlock behind remained locked, while a spiked plate pressed upon the tongue, so as effectually to preclude its owner making any use of it. The branks, however, was not peculiar to Staffordshire; it was in use in Scotland centuries ago.

Destiny Did It.

An instance of "destiny." Not long ago an English mechanic having vainly used all his ingenuity in endeavoring to get him a wife, advertised for one in a fit of despair. He was profoundly in earnest, and so was the dame who responded. They met, but whether it was the color of her hair, or the shape of her nose, or her disposition, it is not said—but he didn't fall a captive to her charms. He advertised again, varying the form of his announcement, and when he had an answer went to see his correspondent with a heart beating high with hope. Alas! He found the equally persevering spinster again. A third time he wooed Fate with a yet differently worded begnilement. He reached the appointed place of meeting—twas She! Crushed to the earth, and convinced, like Mr. Swiveller, that destiny was full of staggerers, he smiled, he conversed, and meekly at last wedded the determined woman.

A PLEASANT EXPERIMENT.

Remarkable Treatment of a Snake Bite.

Dr. Ashbel Smith, of Galveston, Texas, while on a visit to the country was bitten by a snake, and this is the account he gives of it in a letter to a friend:

"My Dear Sir: I can't walk, but, with help, have hobbled to the table. If I improve reasonably in hobbling by Friday night I shall be at my post, in your city, on Saturday. My lameness would deserve but the shortest mention but for some facts connected with its cause, which may, perhaps, be of interest to others in similar circumstances. About dark Saturday last, as I was walking up the hill from the bay shore, I felt a heavy scuffling about one of my legs, and at the same instant the bites of sharp teeth. Reaching the house, I saw by the light three several little wounds with blood exuding from them on my leg, three inches above the ankle. There were two punctures to each wound, made by the two fangs of the snake that had bitten me. Swelling had already commenced, less than five minutes from the biting. Still I determined to do nothing, for a while at least, in order to observe the effects of the poison unmodified by treatment. The swelling increased rapidly, and in fifteen minutes more the pain had become excruciating, and I could not bear my weight on the leg. I was obliged now to lie down. I now took, in a wine-glass of water, a half teaspoonful of saturated tincture of iodine. About fifteen minutes afterwards I repeated the iodine—about twenty drops. A short time after, perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes, a third dose of iodine—fifteen drops—in twenty-five or thirty minutes after, the fourth. The length of these several intervals is conjectural. I had the orifices of the wounds several times touched with the tincture of iodine, and the leg, which was now swollen from the ankle to the knee, was painted with iodine.

"The pain was excruciating, but by 10:30 or 11 o'clock—two and a-half or three hours after the bite—had abated sensibly. About 1:30 in the morning I fell asleep, and awoke at sunrise with complete stiffness and superficial soreness of the limb on touch, now swollen to double its former size, but with no pain worth mentioning. Nor have I since had any suffering, further than complete disease of the leg, till this morning, and being obliged to have it all times elevated. The foot participated in the swelling; and if the leg hung down it became (and, indeed, still does) in a few minutes perfectly livid.

"The interest of the matter in question lies in the use, the efficacy, of iodine as a remedy for venomous bites. Nothing else than iodine was used; no spirits, no hartshorn, not the least possible thing in the world, internally or externally, except iodine, and one small drink of water. Former experience had given me confidence in iodine, by its use with others. I was determined to give it a fair showing in my own case, unaided and unobstructed by any other mediation. I have attached the greater interest to this case because, though one is seldom a safe judge in his own case, the present bite has been by long odds the severest snake bite I ever knew. If left to itself it would, in my opinion, have been fatal in a very few hours. That the snake was a large one I knew from his heavy scuffling about my legs, and I may add, from the depth to which I felt his fangs enter. My instantaneous suspicion, from the weight and severity of the biting, was that my assailant was a wildcat or some such animal. The exerciating pain felt subsequently, as before mentioned, seemed to me like the ferocious cramps of the muscles in malignant cholera, except that they were not in any degree spasmodic.

"There were other circumstances, symptoms which I should detail were I writing to a physician, but they would only still further bore you. To set forth truly the efficacy of iodine must excuse my length. I do not know what kind of a snake it was, but suspect it to have been a rattlesnake.

"Very truly yours,

"Ashbel Smith."

Cause of Sleeplessness.

Dr. Duckworth, in the *British Medical Journal*, calls attention to some causes of insomnia which he thinks are hardly sufficiently recognized or adequately met by the resources of practical medicine. Recent researches have clearly shown that the brain is comparatively anæmic during sleep, and that the blood thus removed from the head is more freely supplied to the viscera and integuments. The most constant cause and certainly the most frequent accompaniment of sleeplessness is an opposite condition, or one of active and increased cerebral circulation. A species of nocturnal dyspepsia, mild in its character and producing no actual suffering, may sometimes give rise to persistent insomnia. There may be no symptoms beyond dryness of the mouth, burning of the soles of the feet, and heat and throbbing in the head, and these are probably due to a too acid condition of the contents of the stomach, and upper part of the small intestines, caused generally by excess in fatty and highly-seasoned food, in fruit, and in various wines. Sleeplessness may be due to bodily and mental over-exhaustion, which results in an increased flow of blood to the brain, consequent upon vaso-motor paralysis. Again, it may be the result of a mere habit, as in those cases where there has been a long course of broken rest; it may be caused by persistent odors, by certain effluvia, by the absence of moisture in the air of a sleeping apartment, or by an improper elevation or depression of the head. The treatment in most of these cases should of course be directed to the removal of the cause, but, when it is found necessary to give drugs, bromide of potassium and chloral hydrate are probably the best, both having been shown to diminish the amount of blood circulating through the brain.

Resting One's Bones.

"Well, Missus, I's going to leave you," said Molly to her mistress, whom she had loved and grown fat with for a good many years. "Going to leave me, Molly? Why, where are you going?" "Oh, I's going to get married; I've worked long enough, and I's going to rest my bones." Of course Mrs. Jones could make no objection to this common and natural female frailty. So Molly went, and nothing was heard of her for a year or two, when she came back, poor and emaciated, having lost her husband, and all the rest of ills human nature is heir to having fallen upon her. Mrs. Jones was much surprised to see her coming, and said to her: "Well, Molly, have you rested your bones? "Golly, Missus—I's rested my jaw bones, and dem's all the bones I've rested."

The Penalty.—The penalty of patriotism, says the New York *World*, referring to the Fourth, is as follows: A rough estimate, with several of the upper wards yet to hear from, put it at 200 fingers, 97 hands, 80 eyes, 17 arms, 9 legs, 14 noses, 48 cases of hair all off, and 30,000 drunks.

MARIETTE.

Mariette Dubois was the undoubted belle of Dinan. Moreover, she was credited by common report with possessing a larger *dot* than any girl in the village—a reputation not without value even in so primitive a society as that of Dinan some sixty-five years ago.

The effect of these combined attractions was that before Mariette was seventeen years old, various offers had been made to the Widow Dubois for the fair daughter's hand. The blacksmith, the apothecary, and the innkeeper were all her declared admirers. But the widow seemed hard to please. The blacksmith she dismissed at once with a contemptuous "No." The apothecary met with no better fate. To him, a thin young man in spectacles, she had a strong personal aversion. "A poor wizened creature always smelling of his own vile drugs," she declared him to be, with many expressions of distaste.

The inn-keeper, a burly, well-to-do personage, a veteran with an armless sleeve, did his very best to combat the objections of his hoped-for mother-in-law. But in vain.

"Dost think I know no better than to give my pretty Mariette to a weather-beaten old savage such as thou, Paul Lemaire?" said the old lady at last, by way of clinching the argument. "And thou old enough to be her grandfather, and a cripple besides! Bah!"

The hero of a dozen battles was not unnaturally somewhat offended by these personalities. But he was too much a man of the world to lose his temper visibly. He only shrugged his shoulders with an air of disdain.

"So be it then, madame, but"—and this he knew to be a grand stroke of revenge—"if it is indeed upon that young ne'er-do-well, Jean Leron, that you have fixed your heart for a son-in-law, I would have you take care. A brainless youth, such as he, is no fit protector for mademoiselle, your daughter. And if, at the next conscription, his name should be drawn, that would be nice for her, would it not? Ah! Ha! a cripple, indeed! It is something to have fought the battles of one's country. It is not every man who returns to tell the tale. Jean Leron! Ugh!"

The widow was for a moment startled by this sudden attack, but quickly recovered herself.

"And if it is upon Jean Leron that my choice is fixed, what business is it of thine, Monsieur Fire-eater?" she retorted, angrily. "And if the poor lad should be unlucky enough to be drawn for the next conscription, dost think I have not a little bit of money put away somewhere, in an old shoe, perhaps—eh? Just enough to pay for a substitute, or perhaps a few sous over?"

And so the old soldier was fairly beaten off the field. It was as he had said, however.

By a peculiar sympathy, not perhaps unprecedented between mother and child, the widow's choice had fallen on the man whom her daughter would certainly have preferred had the matter been left to her. And the sympathetic chord must have had a good deal to do with it, for, with the exception of a handsome face, and a fine manly figure, Jean Leron had little to recommend him as an eligible *parti* for the young heiress. But youth and good looks have won their way with pretty maidens and romantic mothers both before and since the time of Widow Dubois and Mariette.

At least they were a handsome couple—every one said that, when the whole village turned out *en fete* to celebrate the wedding, and Jean was pronounced on all sides to be a fortunate fellow; but one who at the same time would no doubt prove a kind husband to Mariette, and a good son to the widow. Indeed, a happier trio, as time went on, it would have been difficult to find, until the trio was one fine day turned into a quartet, and the happiness so increased by at least one-fourth. Surely never before had there been such a delighted boy-father, such a contented child-mother, and such an absurdly happy grandmother. But, unfortunately, it is given to few in this world to live in a state of bliss, and soon after the birth of the little Babette, an occasional cloud appeared on the horizon of the small household.

A certain change came over the good mother. Lines of care and anxiety fixed themselves upon her face. Her very character seemed to change. From the most open-handed and generous of beings she became close and parsimonious, always preaching economy, and urging upon lazy, light-hearted Jean the necessity of working and providing for his wife and family. Rumors went abroad that this change in the widow was in some way connected with a scapegrace son of hers, by a former marriage, of whom no one had heard for a long while. But of this the widow said nothing.

"It was vexations, this freak of the good mother's," said Jean; but he was much too easy going and good-natured to have any quarrels on the subject. He would listen to all that the widow had to say, make the best resolutions, and for a few days carry them out; working very steadily on the little farm which was now, by the widow's gift, their joint property.

"Times are bad," he would say. "The mother is quite right."

Of course he meant to work; and he would, until the next fair or pilgrimage proved too strong a temptation for his new-born industry, and the good resolutions were forgotten. Then, too, her fit of depression past, the natural light-heartedness of the French woman would return to the good widow, and rejoicing in the happiness of her children, she would join in their small pleasures and excursions with all her old zest, the little Babette her constant and most cherished companion.

So another year passed on happily enough in spite of occasional clouds and threatenings of storms, until one day a terrible blow fell upon the little household. The health of the widow, never very strong, had been undermined by secret worry and anxiety. An epidemic startled the village, and almost before her children could believe that she was ill, the good mother lay dying.

Then she spoke of this trouble which had so oppressed her.

"It grieves me, children, that I do not leave you as I could wish, rich and independent," she said, holding a hand of each. "But the last few years have been sadly disastrous. We have lived; we have enjoyed our life, it is true; but the times have been hard. War, scarcity; you know of these things, and then my poor boy, too, must bear his share of the blame——"

"Dear mother, do not trouble yourself now about these matters," interrupted Jean.

"We have been so happy," sobbed Mariette.

"But I must speak, my child," the widow went on feebly. "The little that remains is yours. There is the farm. You must exert yourself now, Jean—you must work for—for her sake. Will you not?"

"Yes, mother, yes," said Jean, pressing the dying woman's hand.

"And then see in that old bureau is a little sum put by for thee, Jean, if thou shouldst be drawn for the conscription, three hundred francs and more. But if thou shouldst escape, then it is to be a *dot* for the little Babette. Dost hear, my son? Here is the key of the bureau. Put it by the cord about thy neck."

"I will do all as you wish, good mother."

"Ah, that is well."

A few more words of tender loving counsel, and then death came, with a voice not to be denied, calling the good mother from her weeping children, and from the little home of which she had so long been the center and support.

* * * * * * *

Mariette and Jean had been married just five years, when, in the year 1813, an order for raising a fresh conscription of one hundred and twenty thousand men was issued by the Emperor Napoleon. Each new conscription put the rural districts of France into a yet greater state of excitement and agitation; and Dinan was no exception to the rule. The law was rigorously carried out, the exemptions allowed so few, and the difficulty of obtaining substitutes so much increased, that each little household awaited the result with fear and trembling.

Mariette, of all the young matrons of the village, was perhaps the most unmoved. For, she argued, if the worst should come, there was at least that little hoard of the good mother's in the old bureau. Jean was safe. But as the time of the conscription approached, Jean himself was strangely restless and discomposed. Mariette observed it, and did her best to rally him out of his depression.

"There is no doubt that thou wilt be able to get a substitute, Jean?" she had asked one day, a little anxiously.

"No—no—" with a sigh.

"Ah, that is well! Then cheer up, *mon brave!* You are thinking, I know, about the poor Babette and her *dot*. Well, it would be a pity, truly, that she should lose it. But she is young yet, you see; and if we take this now, we must save her up another *dot* by the time she wants it. Must we not?"

"Ah! we are so clever at saving money, Mariette," returned Jean, rather bitterly.

The next day was the one which was to decide so many fates. The whole village was swarming and crowded with gendarmes. Mariette dismissed her husband with words of cheer.

The little Babette was that day not well, so her mother was forced to remain at home as nurse. But when Jean was fairly out of the house, Mariette's heart failed her. "If he should be drawn—if a substitute could not be found—if—but no." One look at the old bureau reassured her. The remembrance of her mother's loving care seemed to stand as a bulwark between her and all possible trouble. "Thanks to the good mother, all will be right," she murmured, though her tears fell.

She was almost a child still.

The two years that had gone by since the mother's death had not produced any great change either in the young couple or their mode of life. Economy and industry were not natural to either of them, and for the rest if they were happy and enjoyed themselves, and could only find money enough to pay those dreadful war taxes as the time came round, what did it matter whether they were rich or poor? So Mariette argued, when sometimes Jean looked serious and complained of the hardness of the times. If the sun would shine always, and Babette be always amusing and good, they could want nothing more, Mariette thought.

It was late in the evening before Jean returned home, and the first sight of his wan, white face almost frightened Mariette out of her senses.

"What is it?" she asked. "What has happened?"

"It's all over, Mariette. I must go—I am drawn."

"You go—you!" echoed the young wife. "Are you mad, Jean? Is it possible that you can get no substitute? Jean, answer me, for pity's sake," as he still made no reply.

"Yes—yes, if I could pay him, there is Joseph, the woodman's son, would willingly take my place, but——"

"But why talk of money, Jean? Where is the key of the bureau? Don't delay a moment," cried Mariette, excitedly.

"The key—oh! yes—the key. It—that is—I forget."

"No, no Jean, here it is. What are you thinking of? Here it is round your neck."

But as her fingers touched the key, Jean's hand grasps hers, and holds it so tightly that he hurts her.

"Jean, what is it?"

For a second their eyes meet, and then there crosses the young wife's heart such a spasm of terror and doubt that she calls out as if in pain. Jean drops her hand.

"It is no good looking, Mariette," he said, after a moment's pause, in a strange hoarse voice. "You will find nothing. The money is—spent."

Mariette could only gaze at him in a kind of blank stupor.

"Spent, Mariette. Do you hear? Do you understand?" and suddenly Jean, leaning his head on his hands, burst into a storm of passionate tears. "God forgive me," he cried, "I have robbed the child and ruined us all. Why don't you speak, Mariette? Say something, if only to reproach me."

Then Mariette found words—not of reproach, but of loving wifely counsel and help. In a moment she seemed transformed. A child no longer, the old things were put away forever. The old spirit of careless happiness, of blind reliance, was indeed fled, but in its place a nobler spirit had taken up its abode within her—a spirit that could suffer and dare and endure. She was a woman at last.

A woman very full of strong earnest purpose, any one would have said who saw her the morning after these events, leaving her house at daybreak, stealing away from her still sleeping husband, her child by her side, and on her arm a basket in which were carefully stowed away all the small treasures which she possessed—her cross of Breton work, her gold earrings, and her silver chain.

"Jean, we must find the money," she had said to her husband the night before, when he had become calmer.

"Where?" Jean had asked drearily.

One hundred, ay, even perhaps two hundred francs it might be possible yet to raise upon the farm, he had said after awhile, but three hundred—no—there was no help for it, he must go.

"For the sake of a hundred francs? No, no, Jean," Mariette had returned cheerily. "I will get you that—leave it to me."

But to her consternation, when all are disposed of—cross, earrings, chain, and even her wedding-shawl—she is not yet half way toward the hundred francs. What can she do? To return home without the money is impossible—*impossible*, she repeats, as she walks wearily up and down the one street in the little market town where she has taken her wares. She stops opposite a window that had attracted her more than once. It is that of an *artiste en cheveux*. Mariette's hair has always been considered one of her especial beauties. Now the thought comes to her again and again that by it she might raise the required sum. But could she possibly bring herself to make this sacrifice? She hesitates; draws back; it is to save her husband. She will!

Clasping her child's hand tightly in hers as if for protection, she enters the

The Centre Reporter,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., July 30, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Another Lytle-Chambers Scheme.

We have just been informed that letters have been sent out to leading democrats, with the name of the editor of this paper to them, stating that we are a candidate for Assembly. All such letters are base forgeries, and were gotten up by and in the interest of a candidate and clique who apologized for and defended the Lytle-Chambers forgery. The object is to mislead democrats into voting instructions for the editor of this paper for Assembly, so as to cut up the vote of other candidates and thus aid one on this side who generally drills with a clique at Bellefonte; and 2nd, to make us appear in the light of a secret, scheming candidate, and thus draw upon us the enmity of the other candidates now in the field. Every one can easily discern where such things originate and in whose behalf the forgery is worked. We have written no such letter or letters whatever, nor authorized any one to do so. One of these forged letters was sent to our friend Col. Rishel, of Gregg, and we understand to a number of others.

The best evidence of this letter being a forgery is, that it is legible, whereas if it were written by us, Col. Rishel could scarce make head nor tail out of it. The Col. has promised to send it to us, and, will publish the forged epistle next week.

The democracy of the entire state are calling upon our district to elect Mr. Wallace to the senate, where he has been the able democratic leader for a number of years. His presence there at this time is all the more important, in view of the legislation needed to conformity with the new Constitution. No man in the state is so well-fitted for the place as Mr. Wallace, his experience, ripe statesmanship, known integrity, and disgust for rings, have centered upon him the eyes of every honest democrat and republican in Pennsylvania and hence they hope for his return to the senate by the honest and upright voters of the district composed of the counties of Centre, Clearfield and Clinton. Mr. Wallace, in his entire career as a senator has devoted all his talents and energies to the enactment of wholesome laws, and for the good of the people. He never cast a vote or supported a measure that had about it the odor of corruption. He always battled and defeated such schemes, thus taking the same stand in favor of right in the senate as Mr. Orvis did in the House. For this the people of our state call upon the district to elect Wm. A. Wallace to the senate.

Clearfield county will pronounce for him at her delegate elections.

Clinton county will instruct her delegates for Mr. Wallace.

Will Centre listen to the demands of the people and follow the good example of the sister counties of the district?

Democrats of Centre, can you do a nobler act than cast your instructions for Mr. Wallace? If you vote for instructions for Senator, on the day of the delegate election, will you remember that duty to your party, and to the state, demands that you vote to instruct for Wm. A. Wallace for Senator?

We see from the Legisburg Journal, the democratic organ of Union county, that the democracy of that county will not present a candidate for congress, and that the leading democrats in Union county conceed the nomination to Mackey. An effort had been made to get out a candidate there, by suggesting the name of Judge Walls, but the judge had too good sense to be led into such a scheme. An effort was also made to get out a candidate in Elk, and a "prominent editor of Centre county" wrote a letter to Mr. Hall, of Elk, advising him to be a candidate, but Mr. Hall and the democrats up there know that the nomination right-fully belongs to Col. Mackey, and hence Elk county could not be led into a schismatic scheme against the choice of the people of the district, L. A. Mackey.

The Elk Co. Gazette publishes an able article in favor of Col. Mackey, for Congress. It is seldom the people of a district are so earnest in desiring the nomination of any gentlemen, as in the case of Mr. Mackey. His splendid run a few years ago showed who he was: We will copy the article of the Gazette in our next.

That staunch old democratic organ the Erie Observer calls upon the democracy of this district to elect Mr. Wallace to the senate. This is the voice of the unanimous democracy of the State. We trust Centre county will know her duty to herself, the State and to one of her noblest sons.

The New York Sun draws a lesson from Beecher's downfall by which those who worship preachers may all profit. The Sun thinks people are too prone to forget that their spiritual advisors are human, with such propensities as all flesh is heir to. It is only the office that should be revered and not the weak, erring man who fills it.

Godey's Lady's Book for August has been issued. It will be found full of interest for the ladies. It contains a fine steel plate illustration of a lot of youngsters caught in a summer shower. Address Louis A. Godey, Phila.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

Protest Against Gobbling All.

The disposition of Bellefonte politicians to gobble up all the offices, meets with disfavor outside of our county as well as in it. The Clinton Democrat, speaking for the gallant democracy of that county protests against this greed. We copy from the Clinton Democrat.

THE CONGRESSIONAL QUESTION.

Clinton will present the name L. A Mackey, Esq., for Congress, and the evidences that the presentation of his name will be received with enthusiastic favor in most of the counties of the district are accumulating. Our article of the 9th instant has been generally copied, and has met with no opposition save from the Bellefonte Watchman, which precedes the article with the following paragraph:

"At the request of some of Mr. Mackey's friends in Clinton county, we publish the following from the Clinton Democrat of the 9th inst. While it shows that Mr. Mackey may be exceedingly popular, worthy and well qualified for the position, it does not in any way prove that Clinton county is entitled, as a matter of right, to the nomination. Centre county will present a man just as well qualified, as worthy and as popular as Mr. Mackey in the person of Hon. C. T. Alexander, and as Centre county has not had a Democratic nominee for Congress since it has been connected with Clinton in a Congressional district—some thirty or forty years—it will ask in all earnestness that its claims and candidate be recognized by the balance of the district, and that the nomination be accorded unanimously to Mr. Alexander."

The Watchman says "it does not prove that Clinton county is entitled, as a matter of right, to the nomination," and then proceeds to press Mr. Alexander. Clinton does not seek to place herself above her sister counties of the district, and meets them on an equality; but one of the counties has got to get the nomination, and Clinton thinks that there are very good reasons why it should come to her, and why it should be given to Mr. Mackey, and those reasons have met with strong informal approval in a majority of the counties of the district.

So far as Centre county is concerned, we claim that Clinton's claim is the strongest by far, and will be so pressed. There are three district candidates to elect this fall—Congressman, Judge, and Senator. Centre asks and is conceded the Judgeship, she claims the Congressman, and is putting in for the Senator. This looks like "going the whole hog." Clinton denies the right of Centre to gobble up all that's on the table. She calls for the Congressional slice for the rest of the district, and asks that she be given it for the first term, and presents an acceptable gentleman for the nomination. The request is reasonable, and we have strong belief that it will be granted.

The Elk Democrat of last week comes up finely to the support of Mr. Mackey, and publishes another article in his support, from which we extract the following:

We urge the nomination of Mr. Mackey, as the Democratic Congressional nominee, and for these reasons, and others, which we shall present hereafter:

His life has been one of rectitude, and we need honesty.

His management of important financial trusts has displayed a thorough practical and theoretical knowledge of the intricacies of banking and the laws governing finance.

As a lawyer he is noted for his forensic ability.

As a counsellor he is known as a sagacious man, and a man of probity and forethought.

Should he be nominated he will gather about the ticket a host of friends who will add strength to the party and lend encouragement to its principles.

It is in such a time as this that we need men to represent the people—not a clique—but the whole people, and we know that Mr. Mackey is not the one to assume a duty he will not discharge with fidelity. Let the people consider these facts, and let them, through their delegates, act upon them in convention, and our word for it, they will have in the House of Representatives a man who will honor them as they shall have honored him.

THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

All over the State the political pot is beginning to simmer and in a short time will be boiling. In a few counties nominations have already been made, but most of the local tickets will not be in the field until near the close of next month. Then both parties will also hold their State Conventions and an exciting campaign will open.

The Democrats are most hopeful and confidently expect to carry the State. Only the most gross blundering can prevent the complete triumph of the party opposed to extravagance and corruption in the administration of public affairs. The people seem at last to have had their eyes opened to the necessity of transferring political power to other hands than those who now hold the reins of government. That the change may be thorough and complete in 1876, they find it imperatively necessary to commence the work of reform at once. To this end the Democratic press is urging the most careful selection of candidates, not only those for State officers, but also for all local positions of honor or trust. Indeed, this is the only way that success can be assured and wherever this good advice is disregarded and weak, incapable, dishonest, untrustworthy selections are made, defeat and disaster will be sure to follow. We are glad to see our party press thus boldly pointing out the course that will lead to success and as fearlessly remonstrating against nominations "not fit to be made." No one should be permitted to go on a ticket that will weaken it. The success of the party is far above the special claims of any aspirant to party favor. Personal considerations should also in all cases be cast aside and the strongest and best men only put forward to carry the party's banner. This done in every county, Pennsylvania will be redeemed from Radical misrule and the good old times of economy, honesty and good government soon restored.—*Perry County Democrat.*

Advices from India represent that there are fears that the cholera has broken out among the fifty thousand pilgrims assembled in Pooree for the Juggernaut festival. The floods in the North have subsided. Southern districts are still without rain, or the little that has fallen in some sections has done no good.

INDIANS TERRIBLY PUNISHED.

From fifty to one hundred Arapahoes were killed by the attack of Company B, Second cavalry, on their encampment at Powder river on July 4. Two soldiers were killed, 140 Indian horses captured and many Arapahoe women and children were killed accidentally. This is the worst punishment the Indians ever received.

NO MONARCHY OR EMPIRE FOR FRANCE.

Paris, July 22.—President Mac Mahon, in the response to the deputation of members of the Assembly who waited upon him to day, said he was not summoned to power in order to restore either the Monarchy or Empire. His acts proved that he would not participate in such enterprises. The law which created the Septenate still less imposed upon him the rank of constituting a definite Republic. Perier's bill offered him nothing, but by isolating him from the Conservatives, by whose aid he wished to govern, and would deprive him of much. Consequently the Ministers would declare in his name that he rejected the project. In conclusion, he expressed the opinion that the proclaimation of the Republic might disturb order and pease, but if the laws he asked for were voted the septenate would become a government calculated to inspire confidence and respect of law.

It is understood the government tomorrow will demand of the Assembly the adoption of the laws referred to by the President, viz: The constitutional bill drawn up by the committee of Thirty, together with the three additional measures proposed by the Ministers of the Interior to that committee on the 10th inst.

Title Under Tax Sales.

Mauch Chunk, Penn., July 21.—Few cases have been tried in the state which have excited more interest among capitalists than that of Turnbull agt. Pardee et al., recently decided in favor of the defendants. An adverse decision would have paved the way for endless suits, and lands worth millions would eventually pass from hands now holding them to other claimants. The suit was brought about two years ago by O. H. Wheeler, esq., of this place, in behalf of James Turnbull, claimant to 4,000 acres of coal land in Luzerne County, as heir of James Turnbull, deceased.

The land in dispute was in the possession of the Turnbull family years before coal was known to exist there. James Turnbull, deceased, was the last of the family in whom the title rested. Unconscious of its value, or careless of his trust, he neglected to maintain it free from tax, and it was sold at treasurer's sale for arrears of taxes, and finally fell into the hands of the Pardees and other large capitalists in this country. James Turnbull died about forty years ago, in Philadelphia. He left a divorced wife and one son. The latter went to sea some years after his father's death. In 1852, the lands in question having become of great value, the mother of young Turnbull determined to make an effort to substantiate his claimes to the title for the tract. She consulted O. H. Wheeler, esq., of this place, and he believed that the claim could be made good. Effort was made to recall young Turnbull, but no trace of him could be found for twenty years, when he was found in Mazatlan, Mexico, and summoned to the United States. He had been living a life of adventure during his absence, having been shipwrecked several times, nearly murdered by Mexicans, and robbed of the accumulations of years. He was a forty niner in California, and had made a comfortable fortune in the gold mines in two years. He arrived in Philadelphia in 1872, and the proceedings of the ejectment of the parties in possession of the land were begun in earnest. The case came up last Summer, but was postponed, and a final hearing was begun last month, with the result stated. The title of the defendants under the deeds given at the treasurer's sale was held to be perfect. The costs, lawyers' fees, &c., in this case will amount to many thousand dollars.

A DESTRUCTIVE WATER-SPOUT.

San Francisco, July 25.—A dispatch from Eureka, Monday, says that a terrible water-spout bursted in the mountains yesterday and swept through the town, killing twenty persons and causing great destruction of property. Another dispatch from Elko, says the water-spout crossed the Central Pacific Railroad track between Humbolt, Wells, and Tonano, washing out the track. A western bound emigrant train was wrecked, and five passengers killed.

A dispatch from Eureka, Nevada, gives the particulars of the storm yesterday. It had been raining with great violence from early in the morning until noon, when a cloud burst on a lofty range of mountains to the eastward, and a vast volume of water rushed down the cannon where the town is located. The eastern part of the town was flooded in ten minutes by a fearful rush of water, which was constantly increasing in violence, depth and impetuosity. The people in that portion of the place were hemmed in, and every moment houses were torn from their foundation, and swept away with their occupants. Ropes were procured and a line formed. Brave men then protected, dashed into the torrent and saved many lives. Only a few woman and children were lost. The body of one Miss Bray, was recovered. Rodger Bobinetts, reporter of the Sentinal, is among the drowned. The Sentinal office was swept away. The bodies are being brought to the Court House as fast as recovered. Three Chinamen were lost; thirty houses were swept away, and all that part of the town in which were situated dance houses and other places of amusement, are gone. The flood lasted only half an hour. The total loss of life is not yet known, but is believed it will reach twenty five or thirty. The weather is still threatening.

DROWNED WHILE BATHING.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Kate Dunkelberger, Miss Olivia Eckbert and Miss Florence Carey, went over to the river, in the vicinity of Nigger Island, for the purpose of bathing. Miss Dunkelberger went into the water first and alone, and waded in up to her neck. This we learn she did against the protest of the other girls, who refused to follow. There was considerable of a rise in the river. She either got cramp, or in her gyrations in the water got into a place too deep to touch bottom, and went under and was drowned before assistance could be got. She was found soon after but a short distance below the place where she disappeared, and an inquest was held on her body. Her remains were interred on Wednesday afternoon. She was a daughter of Chas. Dunkelberger, and was about eighteen years of age.—*Selinsgrove Times.*

Tilton has filed a rejoinder in which he says that the Beecher lawyers distort his evidence, and that he means to prove other crimes and confessions thereof by Beecher. He deplores the publication of the scandal and suggests an appeal to the courts where witnesses can be sent for and compelled to testify. He says he will surely make Beecher "step down and out," now.

BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL.

Mr. Tilton submitted, on 21st, the following statement before the Plymouth church committee:

Tilton's Sworn Statement.

Whereas, The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has instigated the appointment of a committee consisting of six members of his church and society to inquire and report upon alleged aspersions upon his character by Theodore Tillon, and

Whereas, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton formerly the wife of Mr. Tilton has openly deserted her home in order to co-operate with Beecher in a conspiracy to overthrow the credibility and good repute of her late husband as man and citizen,

Therefore, Theodore Tilton, being thus authorized and required, and by a published demand made upon him by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and being now and hereafter released by the act of Mrs. Tilton from further responsibility for concealment of the truth touching her relations with Beecher,

Therefore, Theodore Tilton hereby sets forth under a solemn oath, the following facts and testimony:

First—That, on the second of October, 1855, at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, a marriage between Theodore Tilton and Elizabeth R. Richards was performed by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher; which marriage thirteen years afterwards was dishonored and violated by this clergyman through criminal seduction of this wife and mother as hereinafter set forth.

Second—That for a period of about fifteen years, extending both before and after this marriage, and intimate friendship existed between Theodore Tilton and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, which friendship was cemented to such a degree that in consequence thereof the subsequent dishonoring by Beecher of his friend's wife was a crime of uncommon wrongfulness and perfidy.

Third—That about nine years ago, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher began and thereafter continued a friendship with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, for whose native delicacy and extreme religious sensibility he often expressed to her husband strong admiration, visiting her from time to time for years until the year 1870, when for reasons hereinafter stated, he ceased such visits, during which period by many tokens and affection he won the affectionate love of Mrs. Tilton; whereby, after a long moral resistance by her, and after repeated assaults by him upon her mind with overmastering arguments accomplished the possession of her person, maintaining with her thenceforward during the period hereinafter stated the relation called criminal intercourse, this relation being regarded by her during that period as not criminal or morally wrong, such having been the power of his arguments as a clergyman to satisfy his religious scruples against such violation of virtue and honor.

Direct Charges,

Fourth—That, on the evening of October 10, 1868, or thereabout, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton held an interview with the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher at his residence, she being then in a tender state of mind owing to the recent death and burial of a young child, and during this interview, an act of criminal commerce took place between this pastor and this parishoner, the motive on her part being, as hereinbefore stated not regarded by her at the time criminal or wrong, which act was followed by a similar act of criminality between these same parties at Tilton's residence during a pastorial visit paid by Beecher to her on a subsequent Saturday evening, followed also by other similar acts on various occasions from the autumn of 1868 to the spring of 1870, the places being the two residences aforesaid and occasionally other places to which her pastor would invite and accompany her, or at which he would meet her by previous appointment. These acts of wrong being on her part from first to last, not wanton or consciously wicked but through a blinding of her moral perceptions occasioned by the powerful influence exerted on her mind at that time to this end by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as her trusted religious percepter and guide.

Frequent Pastorial Visits Made

Fifth—That pastoral visits made by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to Mrs. Tilton during the year 1868 became so frequent as to excite comment, being in marked contrast with his known habit of making few pastoral calls on his parishioners, which frequency in Mrs. Tilton's case is shown in letters written to her husband during his absence in the West. These letters, giving evidence that during a period of five or six weeks, twelve different pastoral calls on Mrs. Tilton were made by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher which calls became noticeably infrequent on Tilton's return to his home.

Sixth—That previous to the aforesaid criminal intimacy one of the reasons which Mrs. Tilton alleged for her encouragement of such exceptional attention from the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was the fact that she had been much distressed with rumors against his moral purity, and wished to convince him she could receive his kindness and yet

Resist His Solicitations

and that she could inspire in him by her purity and fidelity an increased respect for the chaste dignity of womanhood. Previous to the autumn of 1868 she maintained, with Christian firmness towards her pastor this position of resistance, always refusing his amorous pleas which were strong and oft repeated, and in a letter to her husband dated February 3rd, 1868, she wrote as follows: To love is praiseworthy, but to abuse the gift is sin. Here I am strong. No demonstrations or fascinations could cause me to yield my womanhood.

The First Suspicion.

Seventh—That the first suspicion which crossed the mind of Theodore Tilton that the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was abusing or might abuse the affection and reverence which Mrs. Tilton bore towards her pastor was an improper caress given by Beecher to Mrs. Tilton by * * * * * which seated by her side on the floor of his library overlooking engravings. Tilton, a few hours afterwards asked of his wife an explanation of her permission of such liberty, whereat she at first denied the fact but then confessed it and said she had spoken chidingly to Beecher concerning it. On another occasion, Tilton, after leaving his house in early morning returned to it in the forenoon, and on going to his bed chamber found the door locked, and when, on knocking, the door was opened by Mrs. Tilton, Beecher was seen within apparently much confused and exhibiting a flushed face. Mrs. Tilton afterwards made a plausible explanation, which from the confidence reposed in her by her husband was by him deemed satisfactory.

Eighth—That in the spring of 1870, on Tilton's return from a winter's absence, he noticed in his wife such evidences of absorption of her mind in Beecher that in a short time an estrangement took place between her husband and herself, in consequence of which she went into the country earlier than usual for her summer sojourn. After an absence of several weeks she voluntarily returned to her home in Brooklyn on the evening of July 3, 1870, when, then and there, within a few hours after her arrival, and after exacting from her husband

A Solemn Promise

that he would do the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher no harm, nor communicate to him what she was about to say, she made a circumstantial confession to her husband of the criminal facts hereinbefore stated, arguments and reasonings with her to overcome her long-maintained scruples against yielding to his desires, and declaring that she had committed no wrong to her husband or her marriage vow. He gave a quotation in support of this opinion that her pastor had repeatedly declared that she was spotless and chaste, which she believed herself to be. She further stated that her sexual commerce with him had never proceeded from low or vulgar thoughts, either on her part or his, but always from pure affection and high religious love. She stated furthermore that Mr. Beecher habitually characterized their intimacy by the term.

"Nest Hiding,"

and he would suffer pain and sorrow if his hidden secret were ever made known. She said that her mind was often burdened by the deceit necessary for her to practice in order to prevent discovery and that her conscience had many times impelled her to throw off his burden of enforced falsehood by making a full confession to her husband, so that she would no longer be living before him a perpetual lie. In particular, she said that she had been on the point of making this confession a few months previously during her severe illness when she feared she might die. She affirmed also that Beecher has assured her repeatedly that he loved her better than he had ever loved any other woman, and she felt justified before God in her intimacy with him save the necessary deceit which accompanied it and at which she frequently suffered in her mind.

Ninth—That after the above named confession by Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton she returned to the country to await such action by her husband as he might see fit to take, whereupon, after many considerations, the chief of which was that she had not voluntarily gone astray but had been artfully misled through religious reverence for Rev. Henry Ward Beecher as her spiritual guide, together, also, from a desire to protect her family from open shame, Tilton condoned the wrong and he addressed to his wife such letters of affection, tenderness and respect as he felt would restore her wounded spirit and which did partially produce that result.

Tenth—That, in December, 1870, differences arose between Theodore Tilton and Henry C. Bowen, which were augmented by the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Beecher, in consequence whereof and at the wish of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton expressed in writing in a paper put into the hands of Francis D. Moulton, with a view to procure

A Harmonious Interview

between Tilton and Beecher. Such an interview was arranged and carried out by Moulton at his then residence on Clinton street, Beecher and Tilton meeting and speaking then and there for the first time since Mrs. Tilton's confession of six months before. The paper in Mr. Moulton's hands was a statement by Mrs. Tilton of the substance of the confession which she had before made and of her wish and prayer for reconciliation and peace between her pastor and her husband. This paper, furnished to Beecher the first knowledge which he had as yet received that Mrs. Tilton had made such a confession. At this interview between Beecher and Tilton, permission was sought by Beecher to consult with Mrs. Tilton on that same evening. This permission being granted, Beecher departed from Mr. Moulton's house, and in about half an hour returned thither, expressing his remorse and shame, and declaring that his life and work seemed brought to a sudden end. Later, in the same evening, Tilton, on returning to his house, found his wife weeping and in great distress, saying that what she had meant for peace had only given pain and anguish; that Beecher had just called on her declaring that she had slain him, and that he would probably be tried before a council of ministers unless she would give him a written paper for his protection. Whereupon, she said he dictated to her, and she copied in her own hand writing.

A Suitable Paper

for him to use to clear himself before a council of ministers. Mrs. Tilton, having kept no copy of this paper, her husband asked her to make a distinct statement in writing of her design and meaning in giving it, whereupon she wrote as follows:

A Letter from Mrs. Tilton.

December 30, 1870—Midnight.

My Dear Husband:—I desire to leave with you, before going to bed, a statement that Henry Ward Beecher called upon me this evening and asked me if I would defend him against any accusation in a council of ministers, and I replied solemnly that I would in case the accuser was any other person than my husband. He, (Henry Ward Beecher) dictated a letter which I copied as my own to be used by him as against any other accuser except my husband. This letter was designed to vindicate Mr. Beecher against all other persons save only yourself. I was ready to give him this letter, because he said with pain that my letter in your hands addressed to him dated Dec. 29 had struck him dead, and ended his usefulness. You and I pledged to do our best to avoid publicity. God grant a speedy end to all further anxieties. Affectionately,

ELIZABETH.

On the next day, namely, December 31, 1870, Moulton, on being informed by Tilton of the above named transaction by Beecher, called on him (Beecher) at his residence, and told him that the reconciliation so suddenly made was impossible, by Beecher's nefarious act in procuring a letter which Mrs. Tilton had thus been improperly persuaded to make falsely. Beecher promptly, through Moulton, returned the letter to Tilton, with an expression of shame and sorrow for having procured it in the manner he did.

Text of the Letter.

The letter was as follows:

December 30, 1870.

Wearied with importunity and weakened by sickness, I gave a letter implicating my friend, Henry Ward Beecher, under assurances that that would remove all difficulties between me and my husband. That letter I now revoke. I was persuaded to it, almost forced, when I was in a weakened state of mind. I regret it, and recall all its statements.

(Signed) E. R. TILTON.

I desire to say explicitly, Mr. Beecher has never offered any improper solicitation, but has always treated me in a manner becoming a Christion and a gentleman.

(Signed) E. R. TILTON.

At the time of Beecher's returning the above document to Tilton through Moulton, Beecher requested Moulton to call at his residence in Columbia street on the next day, which he did on the evening of January 1, 1871. A long interview then ensued in which Beecher expressed to Moulton great contrition and remorse for his previous criminality with Mrs. Tilton, taking to himself shame for having misused his sacred office as a clergyman to corrupt her mind, expressing a determination to kill himself in case of exposure, and begging Moulton to take a pen and receive from his (Beecher's) lips an apology to be conveyed to Tilton in the hope that such appeal would secure Tilton's forgiveness.

Beecher's Apology.

The apology which Beecher dictated to Moulton was as follows: "In trust with F. D. Moulton. My dear friend Moulton I ask through you, Theodore Tilton's forgiveness, and I humble myself before him as I do before my God. He would have been a better man in my circumstances than I have been. I can ask nothing except that he will remember all the other breasts that would ache. I will not plead for myself. I even wish that I were dead, but others must live to suffer. I will die before any one but myself shall be inculpated. All my thoughts are running out toward my friend and toward the poor child lying there and praying with her folded hands. She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgression of another Her forgiveness I have. I humbly pray to God to put it into the heart of her husband to forgive me. I have trusted this to Moulton in confidence.

(Signed) H. W. BEECHER.

In the above document, the last sentence and signature are in the handwriting of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

More Letters.

Eleventh—That Mrs. Tilton wrote the following letter to a friend:

No. 174 Livingstone Street,
Brooklyn, January 5, 1871.

Dear Friend: A cruel conspiracy has been formed against my husband in which my mother and Mrs. Beecher have been chief actors. * * * *

Yours truly,

ELIZABETH R. TILTON.

Twelfth—That, in the following month, Moulton, wishing to bind Tilton and Beecher by mutual expressions of good spirit elicited from them the following correspondence:

Brooklyn, February 7, 1871.

My Dear Friend: In several conversations with you, you have asked about my feelings towards Beecher, and yesterday you said the time had come when you would like to receive from me an expression of this kind in writing. I say, therefore very cheerfully, that notwithstanding the great suffering which he has caused Elizabeth and myself, I bear him no malice, shall do him no wrong, shall discountenance every project by whomsoever proposed for any exposure of his secret to the public, and if I know myself at all, shall endeavor to act towards Mr. Beecher as I would have him in similar circumstances act toward me. I ought to add that your own good offices in this case have led me to a higher moral feeling than I might otherwise have reached.

Ever yours affectionately,

THEODORE TILTON.

To Frank Moulton.

On the same day Beecher wrote to Moulton the following:

February 7, 1871.

My Dear Friend Moulton:—I am glad to send you a book, &c. * * * * Many, many friends has God raised up to me, but to no one of them has he ever given the opportunity and the wisdom to serve me as you have. You have also proved Theodore's friends and Elizabeth's. Does God look down from heaven on three unhappier creatures that more need a friend than these? Is it not an intimation of God's intent of mercy to all that each one of these has in you a tried and proved friend? But only in you are we thus united. Would to God, who orders all hearts, that by his kind mediation Theodore, Elizbeth and I could be made friends again. Theodore will have the hardest task in such a case, but has he not proved himself capable of the noblest things? I wonder if Elizabeth knows how generously he has carried himself toward me. Of course I can never speak to her again without her permission. I do not know that even then it would be best. * * * * *

Mr. Moulton, on the same day, asked Tilton if he would permit Beecher to address a letter to Mrs. Tilton, and Tilton replied in the affirmative, whereupon Beecher wrote as follows:

Another Letter to Mrs. Tilton by Mr. Beecher.

February 7, 1871.

My Dear Mrs. Tilton: When I saw you last, I did not expect ever to see you again or to be alive many days. God was kinder to me than were my own thoughts. The friend whom God has sent to me—Moulton, has proved above all friends that I ever had, able and willing to help me in this terrible emergency of my life. His hand it was that tied up the storm that was ready to burst on our heads. You have no friend, Theodore excepted, who has it in his power to serve you so vitally and who will do it with such delicacy and honor. It does my sore heart good to see in Moulton an unfringed respect and honor for you. I would kill any thought otherwise. He will be as true a friend to your honor and happiness as a brother could be to a sister. In him we have a common ground. You and I may meet in him. The past is ended, but is there no future, no wiser, higher, holier future? May not this friend stand as a priest in the new sanctuary of reconcilitation and meditate and bless Theodore and my most unhappy self. Do not let my earnestness fail of its end. You believe in my judgment. I have put myself wholly and gladly in Moulton's hands and there I must meet you. This I sent with Theodore's consent, but he has not read it. Will you return to me by his own hand. I am very earnest in this wish for all our sakes, as such a letter ought not to be subject to even a chance of miscarriage.

Your Unhappy Friend,

H. W. BEECHER,

Thirteenth—That about a year after Mrs. Tilton's confession, her mind remained in a fixed opinion that her criminal relations with Beecher had not been morally wrong, so strong had he impressed her to the contrary, but at length a change took place in her convictions on this subject as noted in the following letter addressed by her to her husband:

Letter of Mrs. Tilton to her Husband.

SCHOHARIE, June 29, 1871.

My Dear Theodore—To-day, through the ministry of the Rev. Grant, a character of fiction, my eyes have been opened for the first time in my experience, so that I see clearly my sin. It was when I knew that I was loved to suffer it to grow to a passion. A virtuous woman should check instantly an absorbing love, but it appeared to me in such a false light that the love I felt and received could harm no one, not even you I have believed unfalteringly until four o'clock this afternoon, when the heavenly vision dawned upon me. I see now as never before the wrong I have done you, and hasten immediately to ask your pardon with a penitence so sincere that henceforth, if reason remains, you may trust me implicitly. Oh, my dear Theodore, though your opinions are not restful or congenial to my soul, yet my own integrity and purity are sacred and holy things to me. Bless God with me for Catherine Grant for all sure leadings of an all wise and loving Providence Yes now I feel quite prepared to renew my marriage vow with you to keep it as the Savior requireth who looketh at the eye and heart. Never before could I say this. When you yearn toward me with true feelings, be assured of the tried, purified and restored love of

ELIZABETH.

Another Letter of Mrs. Tilton to her Husband.

Mrs. Tilton followed the above letter with these:

July 4, 1871.

O! My Dear Husband: May you never need the discipline of being misled by a good woman as I by a good man. No date. I would morn greatly if my life was to be made known to father. His head would be bowed indeed to the grave. No date. Do not think that my ill health is on account of my sin and its discovery. My sins and life record I have carried to my Savior. No! my prostration is owing to the suffering I have caused you.

Letter of Mrs. Woodhull.

Fourteenth—That, about one year after Mrs. Tilton's confession and about half a year after Beecher's confirmation of the same, Mrs. V. C. Woodhull, then a total stranger to Tilton save that he had been presented to her in a company of friends a few days previous, wrote to the World on Monday, May 22, 1871, the following statement, namely:

I know of a man, a public teacher of eminence, who lives in concubincy with the wife of another public teacher of almost equal eminence. All three concur in denouncing the offenses against morality. I shall make it my business to analyze some of these lives.

(Signed) V. C. WOODHULL.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1871.

On the day of the publication of the above card in the World, Tilton received from Mrs. Woodhull a request to call on imperative business at her office, and on going thither a copy of the above card was put into his hands by Mrs. Woodhull, who said that "The parties referred to therein were Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and the wife of Theodore Tilton."

Following the announcement, Mrs. Woodhull detailed to Tilton with a vehement speech, the wicked and injurious story which she published in the year following. Meanwhile, Tilton, desiring to guard against any temptation to Mrs. Woodhull to publish a grossly distorted version which she gave to Tilton, and which she afterwards attributed to him, he sought by many personal services and kindly attentions. To influence her to such a good will towards himself and family as would remove all disposition or desire in her to afflict him with such a publication. Tilton's efforts and association with Mrs. Woodhull ceased in April, 1872, and six months afterwards, namely, November 2, 1872 she published the scandal which he had labored to suppress.

Statement of Mrs. Tilton.

SHE DEFENDS HERSELF & BEECHER.

Denial of Mr. Tilton's Charges.

Brooklyn, July 23.—To reply in detail to the twenty-two articles of arraignment I shall not attempt at present, yet if called upon to testify on each and all of them, I shall not hesitate to do so.

Suffice it for my purpose now that I re-

(Continued on 3rd page.)

FURNITURE.

JOHN BRECHBILL,

in his elegant New Rooms, Spring street, Bellefonte.

Has on hand a splendid assortment of HOUSE FURNITURE from the commonest to the most elegant.

CHAMBER SETS, PARLOR SETS, SOFAS, CHAIRS, BEDSTEADS, WOOL MATTRESSES, HAIR MATTRESSES,

and anything wanted in the line of his business—homemade and city work. Also, has made a speciality and keeps on hand, the largest and finest stock of

WALL PAPER.

Goods sold at reasonable rates, wholesale and retail. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere. feb6-1y

Miller & Son,

CENTRE HALL, PA.
DEALERS IN
PURE DRUGS
AND MEDICINES,
HEMICALS, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PERFUMERY, NOTIONS, FANCY ARTICLES FOR THE TOILET, &c., &c., &c.

PURE WINE AND LIQUORS,
for medicinal purposes.
Trusses & Supporters in great variety.
Also, choice
CIGARS AND TOBACCO,
and all other articles usually kept in a first-class Drug Store.
Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
23oct tf MILLER & SON.

CENTRE HALL
FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS

The undersigned having taken possession of the above establishment, respectfully inform the public that the same will be carried on by them in all its branches as heretofore.

They manufacture the CELEBRATED TRUE BLUE CORNPLANTER, the best now made.

HORSE POWERS, THESHING MACHINES & SHAKERS, PLOWS, STOVES, OVEN DOORS, KETTLE PLATES, CELLAR GRATES, PLOW SHEARS & MILL GEARING of every description, in short their Foundry is complete in every particular.

We would call particular attention to our EXCELSIOR PLOW, acknowledged to be the best Plow now in use, shifting in the beam for two or three horses.

We also manufacture a new and improved TRIPLE GEARED HORSE POWER, which has been used extensively in the northern and western States, and has taken precedence over all others.

We are prepared to do all KINDS OF CASTING from the largest to the smallest, and have facilities for doing all kinds of IRON WORK such as PLANING, TURNING, BORING, &c.

All kinds of repairing done on short notice

VAN PELT & SHOOP,
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No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c., &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept. may 31, 72.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Rooms!

KRUMBINE & GROSSMAN,

respectfully inform the citizens of Centre county, that they have bought out the old stand of J. O. Deininger, and have reduced the prices. They have constantly on hand, and make to order

BEDSTEADS,
BUREAUS,
SINKS,
WASHSTANDS,
CORNER CUPBOARDS,
TABLES, &c., &c.

HOME MADE CHAIRS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Their stock of ready-made Furniture is large and warranted of good workmanship and is all made under their own immediate supervision, and is offered at rates cheaper than elsewhere.

Call and see our stock before purchasing elsewhere. 26 feb. 1y.

CENTRE HALL
COACH SHOP,

LEVI MURRAY,

at his establishment at Centre Hall, keeps on hand, and for sale, at the most reasonable rates.

Carriages,
Buggies,
& Spring Wagons,

PLAIN AND FANCY,

and vehicles of every description made to order, and warranted to be made of the best seasoned material, and by the most skilled and competent workmen. Persons wanting anything in his line are requested to call and examine his work, they will find it not to be excelled for durability and wear. may 3tf.

LEVI MURRAY,
NOTARY PUBLIC, SCRIBNER AND CONVEYANCER,
CENTRE HALL, PA.
Will attend to administering Oaths, Acknowledgement of Deeds, &c, writing Articles of Agreement, Deeds, &c, may15

P. B. WILSON. T. A. HICKS.

WISON & HICKS,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware and Stove Dealers
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CARRIAGE MAKERS GOODS,
SADDLER'S TRIMMINGS,
ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE AND HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

STOVES.

SPEAR'S ANTI-CLINKER STOVES & DOUBLE HEATERS

which will heat one or two rooms down stairs, and same number above. Cost very little more than single stoves. These are the best parlor stoves made.

SUSQUEHANNA COOK
STOVE.

This stove has large ovens, will burn hard or soft coal and wood. Every one warranted to give perfect satisfaction.
WILSON & HICKS,
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NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

A. W GRAFF,

CENTRE HILL, CENTRE CO., PA.,

Has just received a large invoice of

Summer Goods.

Consisting of the best assortment of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!
DRESS GOODS,
GROCERIES,
PROVISIONS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HATS & CAPS,
AND FANCY ARTICLES,
ever brought to Potter twp.

LOWEST CASH PRICES!

Produce taken in exchange at highest market prices

THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY JULY 30, 1874

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

Democratic Delegate Election.

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular places of holding the general election for each district on SATURDAY, the 8th day of August, 1874, to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention to be held in the Court House at Bellefonte, on Tuesday the 11th day of August at 1 o'clock, sharp, for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various offices to be filled at next general election.

The said delegate election beginning at 2 o'clock p. m. of said day and continuing until 5 o'clock p. m. JOHN MORAN,
Chairman Democratic County Com.

—A fine rain on Tuesday afternoon.

—Charlie Ross, the stolen child, has not yet been found. The Mayor of Philadelphia offers $20,000 reward for the kidnappers and child.

—Hay Solt, of Gregg, has tall oats for this year—he sent a lot of stalks to this office measuring 5 feet 3 inches.

—About half dozen of communications were received too late for this week's paper.

—On account of a large demand for extra copies of this week's Reporter, we are obliged to send half-sheets to our exchanges.

—A field trial for the championship of cultivators on rough ground, occurred near State College, July 18th, resulting in a grand triumph for Wm P. Dale's Acme Cultivator. P. P. Mast & Co's cultivator quitting the contest, broken and disabled, before it had completed its second round.

W. H. S.

—The man, named John Barr, who amused himself last fall in making and palming off forged promissory notes on a number of our citizens, and some of our Centre county neighbors, was finally captured at his home, near Bigler Station, on the 16th, and taken to Bellefonte and locked up in prison.

The above is from the Clearfield Republican. Barr was arrested on complaint of the son's (adm'rs of) Wm. Harkins, dec'd, of this place, for passing forged papers upon Mr. Harkins.

—Rev. Miller, of this place, lost a valuable cow on last Monday night. The animal broke through the floor of her stall going down some four feet and being tied, was strangled to death.

—A horse belonging to Jacob Hickernel, which had been levied on by the con stable one day last week, and was to be up for sale on Wednesday became so disgusted that he died on Sunday night. Mr. Hickernel says the hoss cost him three dolyers.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

The Millheim hardware store is in a flourishing condition at present. The new firm is composed of honest, reliable men, full worthy of a liberal patronage.

Our friend, S. G. Gutelius who goes round to break the peoples' jaws, is always as busy as a bee, and jolly as you please. Sam knows how to take out old achers with satisfaction, and his work is beyond criticism.

The Millheim band improved very much of late. They discoursed music on our streets one evening, last week, and we were surprised at the well trained musical talent they displayed.

Mr. A. S. Stover had in his possession a common hen egg, that weighed 3¼ ounces, measuring 7¼ inches one way and 6¼ the other.

On Saturday eve when the fight occurred, there was a larger crowd collected in ten minutes time, than there appeared in the churches on Sunday morning, notwithstanding the bells had been rung two hours before services commenced, as well as at the commencement. My brethern, these things ought not so to be.

The Millheimers were anxiously awaiting the arrival of Meek and daughters on Saturday evening, but they did not come, why not we cannot say, but the entertainment was postponed to some future time.

One day last week, a colt belonging to Christ. Alexander, received a severe cut in the middle of the neck, and a cut right up over the top of the neck, the cut being about 3 inches deep, inflicted by a scythe.

Two young Americas, of near this place the other day, caught two eels which together weighed 6¾ lbs.

Millheim, has again lost one of its best citizens. Dr. Stemm migrated to Snyder county, on last Tuesday. Success to him is our wish.

10 S. C. and E. S., have consolidated their locals, and hereafter will write them under the head of "Spawls."

Millheim had two fights on Saturday evening, and is now supremely happy. Constable Otto, had a red-hot time of it, and came out of the fracas minus half a coat. He new wants to know, whether old coats are re-tailed in Millheim.

It has been decided not to hold a campmeeting, in the Evangelical church of this place, as stated last week, but in Swartz's woods south of town. It is to commence on the 27th of August. E. S. & 10 S. C.

LEWISBURG, CENTRE AND SPRUCE CREEK RAILROAD.

The President of the L. C. & S. C. RR. Company, Hon. G. F. Miller, of Lewisburg, publishes the annual report of the doings of the Company, which is full of interest to many of our readers. The President shows a substantial progress in the building of the road. There was much delay encountered in the beginning, but it seems now, that not a very long period of time will elapse before Penns Valley will have egress by rail. It appears by the report that the part of the line from Penna. Furnace to the Western terminus on the Penna. road, near Tyrone, is ready for the railing, being a distance of over 18 miles. The 16 miles of route from Penna. Furnace to Linden Hall, nothing has been done with, owing to financial difficulties. From Linden Hall East to Beaver Dam, a distance of 18 miles, the road is nearly ready. Of the sections east of Beaver Dam, including 10½ miles, but four miles are finished, and here the work should be pressed more rapidly. The Beaver Dam tunnel, 260 feet long is all through, save about 40 feet. Another tunnel at Paddy's Mountain, 320 feet long, has simply been worked at the approaches. From Mifflinburg to Laurel Run, eight miles, the road is finished. The greater part of the work from there to the 16½ mile sections, is completed. The cost of the whole road from Lewisburg junction to Tyrone, 87 miles, is put down at $2,206,-602.39. There has been paid for right of way $18,567.78. The subscriptions to the capital stock of the company amount to $346,700. The President says: "Of the $2,000,000.00 of the first mortgage seven per cent. bonds authorized by law $1,500,-000.00 have been sold to the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at what was deemed a reasonable discount, and $45,000.00 were paid over to the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Company, as part of the amount that company had advanced in the construction of the line between the Junction and Lewisburg leaving $455,000.00 of these bonds undisposed of. The balance due P. & E. RR. Co. was paid in stock at par."

The total earnings of the road from the Junction to Mifflinburg (11 miles), last year, were $26,729.45; the expense $10,-745,571. The net earnings (or profits) in 1871, were $2,666.10, and in 1872, $4,085.-79, whilst in 1873 they were $6,983.94 Thus it will be seen that the road pays.

The Treasurer's report attached, shows the following.

General Account.

Cr. by capital stock, $249,710.40; cr. by first mortgage 7 per cent bonds $1,545,000.-00; cr. by bills payable, $67,742.26 amount due Centre County Banking Co., $467.21; total $1,862,919.87. Dr. to construction, $995,239.04; dr. to profit and loss, $499,767.37; dr. cash in bank, $10,-405.00; dr. amount due by Pennsylvania Railroad Company on account of purchase of bonds, $338,153.83; dr. amount in hands of country bankers, $19,354.63. Total, $1,862,919.87. Which we could not attempt to explain.

For the Reporter.

J. L. Spangler, Esq., and the District Attorneyship.

Correspondence between the Bellefonte Bar and J. L. Spangler, Esq., relating to the eligibility of that gentleman to the office of District Attorney. If any one desires to have an opinion from any attorney omitted on this paper, he can have it by application to Mr. Spangler.

BELLEFONTE, July 8th 1874.

TO AUSTIN O. FURST, C. T. ALEXANDER, ESQS., AND OTHERS:

GENTLEMEN: Being a Democratic candidate for the office of District Attorney, I am met with the objection before the people by one of my opponents, J. F. Potter, that even if the democrats should see proper to nominate and elect me, I could not hold that office, because I lack the requirements of law necessary to the assumption and exercise of the duties of District Attorney, having been admitted at Jan. Term of court, 1873. Will you be kind enough to examine the law and say whether, in your opinion as lawyers, I could LEGALLY hold the office of District Attorney, if the people should see proper to elect me.

Very Respectfully,

J. L. SPANGLER.

BELLEFONTE, July 27th, 1874.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

My attention having been called to the several acts of Assembly relating to the office of District Attorney by J. L. Spangler, Esq., with special reference to his eligibility under the same, I am of opinion, after a careful examination, that Mr. Spangler is eligible to the said office. The qualification impressed upon the office by the act of 3d of May 1850, requiring two year's admission to the bar was repealed by the act of 11th of February 1852. The only qualification now imposed by law is one years' residence in the county, it being understood that the candidate is an attorney.

JAMES A. BEAVER.

BELLEFONTE, July 8th, 1874.

JACK L. SPANGLER, ESQ., Dear Sir: Your letter of this date, asking our opinion, as to your eligibility to the office of District Attorney, arising out of the fact that you have not been a practising attorney of the Courts in the county, for the full space of one year, and will not be until a few days subsequent to the time when the District Attorney elect, is required by law to enter upon the duties of his office, has been duly received.

We have examined the law, relating to the office and duties of the District Attorney, and we are satisfied, that there is nothing therein contained, disqualifying you from holding the office in the event of an election. By the act of 3d of May, 1850, "the qualified voters of each county, are required at the general election once in every three years, to elect one person learned in the law, who has been two years admitted to the Bar, and who shall have resided in the county for which he is elected for one next preceding his election, who shall be called the District Attorney of said county."

This act, so far as it required an admission to the Bar for TWO YEARS was repealed by the act of 11th of February, 1852, which enacted, THAT ANY PERSON ADMITTED TO PRACTICE AS AN ATTORNEY IN COURTS OF THE COUNTY, IN WHICH HE HAS RESIDED ONE YEAR NEXT PRECEDENING, SHALL BE ELIGIBLE TO THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY FOR SUCH COUNTY.

By this latter act, which is the law relating to said office, the only requisites, are, that the person elected, shall have resided in the county for one year prior to the election, and shall have been admitted to the Bar. Under the law, therefore, any attorney who has the necessary qualification as to RESIDENCE can legally fill the office of District Attorney, and it is perfectly immaterial whether he has been an attorney of the Court for ONE DAY or for TEN YEARS.

It is that part of the law requiring an Attorney to have been ADMITTED for a fixed previous period, that was repealed by the act of 11th February, 1852.

Yours, &c.,

A. O. FURST,	ALEXANDER & BOWER,
D. G. BUSH,	D. F. FORTNEY,
H. Y. STITZER,	S. H. YOCUM,
D. S. KELLER.	ISAAC LYTLE.

W. H. BLAIR.

For the Reporter.

Commissioner.

MR. EDITOR.—The time is almost here for the democratic party to make nominations, and we would introduce the name of J. Newlin Hall, of Howard township, as a candidate for the office of county Commissioner. Mr. Hall is a practical farmer, a gentleman, and a scholar, who would give not only strength to the party, but command respect in the position, besides having good business qualifications, he is a life long democrat, and has been an active worker in furthering the interest of the party.

We want men for the present contest on whom we can rely. For moral worth no man stands higher in the community, than Mr. Hall, and for the office of Commissioner no man in the county, would make a more trustworthy and efficient officer. We speak from a personal knowledge of the man from boy-hood to the middle-age of life. BALD EAGLE VALLEY.

Assembly.

MR. EDITOR.—I fully and cordially endorse all that "A Democrat" says in your last issue in regard to our fellow citizen, the Hon. Sam'l Gilliland. His name among all parties at home is the synonim of honesty. We all know him to be possessed with sound judgment and intelligence, that fits him for any position, and I trust the democracy will honor themselves by nominating him for the Legislature. In returning to the county Treasury his share of the salary grab at the time he represented this county before, he only carried out his native, in-born honesty, and no man, or set of men can command money enough to buy his vote on any question. *That* is more than can be said of *every* man who represented us at Harrisburg for the last ten years.

HARRIS.

The communication of "Potter" in favor of J. W. Krumrine for commissioner, will appear next week.

THE BRAVE KLINESMITH GIRLS.

Towards the close of the Revolution, there lived near where the town of New Berlin now stands, a family named Klinesmith. A small party of Indians coming upon their dwelling, whilst the males of the family were busy in the harvest field of a neighbor, plundered the house, and carried away two of Klinesmith's daughters, one sixteen, the other fourteen years old. The party retraced to a spring north of New Berlin—now called the Still House Spring—where they halted, and, not satisfied with the trifling mischief they had done, left their prisonars and booty in the care of the oldest man in the party, whilst the main body proceeded to the harvest field, in the hopes of getting some scalps to carry home as trophies of their success.

The old man lighted his pipe, and sat down at the foot of a tree, keeping an eye upon his prisoners. After some time the rain began to fall, when Betsey, the oldest girl, intimated to the sentinel that she meant to cut down some branches from the trees, and cover a small bag of flour which the Indians had brought from her father's house. The Indian, little suspecting her real intention, assented, and permitted her to take one of the axes or tomahawks. She pretended to be very busy occupied with her task, but contrived to get behind the old man, and buried the axe in his head.

By this time the scalping party, finding the harvesters too numerous and well armed for their purposes, were on their return, and had already approached near enough to hear the groan or cry of the old Indian as he fell. The girls fled—the savages pursued and fired. The young girl, just as she was in the act of springing over a fallen tree, was pierced with a bullet, which entered below the shoulder blade, and came out at the breast. She fell, and immediately rolled herself under the log, which at that point was raised a little from the ground. The savages sprang over the log, in chase of her sister, without observing that any one lay under it.

Betsey being a strong and active lass gave them a hard run, so that the harvesters, by the firing, came to the rescue in time to save her, and change the pursuers into fugitives. They found the little girl under the fallen tree, much terrified and weakened by the loss of blood, but fortunately not dangerously wounded, the ball having passed through her body without touching any vital organ. She recovered, and afterwards married a man named Campbell. Becoming a widow, she married again. Her last husband's name was Chambers. Betsey also married, and, with her husband, removed to one of the West-States.—*History of the West Branch.*

BEECHER-TILTON SCANDAL.

Continued from 2nd page.

ply to one or more of the most gloomy charges touching the feigned sorrow of my husband for compulsery revelations.

I solemnly avow that long before the Woodhull publication I knew him, by insinuation and direct statement, to have repeated to my very near relative and friend the substance of these accusations which shock the moral sense of the entire community this day. Many times, when hearing that certain persons had spoken ill of him, he has sent me to chide them for so doing, and then and there I learned he had been before me with his calumnies against myself, so that I was speechless.

The reiteration in his statement that he had persistenly striven to hide these so called facts is utterly false, as his hatred to Mr. Beecher has existed these many years and a determination to ruin Mr. Beecher has been the one aim of his life.

The shameless charges in articles seven, eight and nine are fearfully false in each and every particular. The letter referrad to in Mr. Tilton's tenth paragraph was obtained from me by importunity and by representations that it was necessary for him to use in his then pending difficulties with Mr. Bowen.

I was then sick nigh unto death, having suffered a miscarriage only four days before. I signed whatever he required without knowing or understanding its import. The paper I have never seen and do not know what statements it contained. In charge eighteen a letter of mine, addressed to Mr. Francis Moulton, is quoted to prove that I never desired a separation or was advised by Mr. or Mrs. Beecher to leave my husband.

I reply, the letter was of Mr. Tilton's own concocting, which he induced me to copy and to sign as my own act, which in my weakness and mistake I thought would help him. I have done so too often during these unhappy years.

The implication that the harmony of the house was unbroken until Mr. Beecher entered it as a frequent guest or friend, is a lamentable satire upon the household where he years before laid the corner stone of free love and desecrated its alters up to the time of my departure, so that the atmosphere was not only Godless but impure for my children, and in this effort and these of agony I would fain lift my daughters and all womanhood from the insidious and diabolical teachings of these latter days.

In summing the whole matter I affirm myself before God to be innocent of the crime laid upon me; that I never have been guilty of adultery with Henry Ward Beecher in thought or deed, nor has he ever offered to me an indecorous or improper proprosal.

To the further, charge that I was led away from my home by Mr. Beecher's friends and by the advice of a lawyer whom Mr. Beecher had sent to me, and who, in advance of my appearing before the committee, arranged with me the questions and answers which were to constitute my testimony in Mr. Beecher's behalf. I answer that this is again untrue, having never seen the lawyer until introduced to him a few minutes before arrival of the committee by my stepfather, Judge Morse.

The publication of Mr. Tilton's letter in answer to Dr. Bacon, I had not known nor suspected, when on Wednesday evening he brought home the Golden Age handing it to me. Looking down its columns I saw well nigh with blinding eyes that he had put into circulation the almost daily threat of his life. That he lived to crush out Mr. Beecher and that the god of battles was in him.

He had always been Mr. Beecher's superior and all that lay in his path—wife, children or reputation if need be, should fall before this purpose. I did not read it, I saw enough without, rending my spirits within me as never before. Theodore, I said, "tell me what means these quotations from Mr. Beecher. Two years ago you came to me at midnight, saying, "Elizabeth, all letters and papers concerning my difficulties with Mr. Beecher and Mr. Bowen are burned and destroyed; now, don't you destroy me, for I have nothing to defend myself with.'"

"Did you believe that," said he. "I certainly did, implicitly," said I. "Well then let me tell you they all live, not one is destroyed." That was said to intimidate me. It had quite the contrary effect.

I have never been so fearless nor seen so clearly before with whom I was dealing. Coming to me a little later he said, "I want you to read it; you will find it a vindication of yourself. You have not stood before the community for five years as you now do, roused still further by the wickedness hid behind so false a mask."

I replied: "Theodore, understand me, this is the last time you shall call me publicly to walk through this filth; my character needs no vindication at this late day from you. There was a time, had you spoke out clearly, truthfully and manfully for me, I had been grateful, but now I shall speak and act for myself.

"Know also that if in the future I see a scrap of paper referring to any human being however remote, which it seems to me you might use to further your own ends, I will destroy it."

"This means battle on your part, then," he said.

"Just so far," I replied.

I wrote this because these words of mine he has since used to my harm.

The next morning I went to my brother and told him that now I had decided to act in this matter; that I had been treated by my husband as a nonentity from the beginning—a plaything to be used or let alone at will, and that it had always seemed to me that I was a party not little concerned.

On going home I found my husband reading in bed. I told him where I had been, and that I did not conceal anything from him, as his habit was to conceal from me.

He asked who the gentlemen were, and said no more. He arose, dressed himself and bade me goodbye forever.

The following morning I was awakened by my husband standing by my bed. In a very tender voice he said he wished to see me.

I rose instantly, followed him into his room, and sitting on the bedside he drew me into his lap, and said he was proud of me and loved me, that nothing ever gave him such real peace and satisfaction as to hear me well spoken of; that meeting a member of the committee he found he had been mistaken as to my motive in seeing the committee, and had hastened to assure me that he had been thoroughly wretched since his sharp statement to me the night before, etc.

Then and there we covenanted sacredly our hearts and lives, I most utterly renewing my trust in the one human heart I love.

The next day how happy we were. Theodore wrote a statement to present to the committee when they should call upon him; to all of which I heartily acceded.

This document God knows was a true history of this affair, completely vindicating my honor and the honor of my pastor.

In the afternoon he left me to show it to his friends. He returned home early in the evening, passing with me the happiest hours I had known for years, renewed by assuring me that there was no rest for him away from me.

So in gratified love to the dear Father, I slept. Oh, that the end had then come; I would not then have received the cruel blow which made a woman mad outright.

The next morning he called upon our friends Mr. and Mrs. Ovington and therewith a shocking bravado began and a wicked tirade, adding with oaths and violence the shameless slanders against Mr. Beecher of which I now believe him to be the author.

This fearful scene I learned the next day. In the afternoon he showed me his invitation from the committee to meet them that evening.

I did not then show my heart, but carried it heavily within, but calmly without, all night till early morning.

Reflecting upon this scene at Mrs. Ovington's convinced me that notwithstanding my husband's recent professions to me his former spirit was unchanged.

That his declarations of repentance and affection were only for the purpose of gaining my assistance to accomplish his ends in his warfare upon Mr. Beecher.

In the light of these conclusions my duty appeared plain. I arose quietly, and having dressed, roused him only to say, "Theodore, I will never take another sleep by your side; the end has indeed come."

He followed me to Mrs. Ovington's to breakfast, saying that I was unduly excited, and that he had been misrepresented, perhaps, but leaving me as determined as before.

How to account for the change which twenty-four hours had been capable of working in his mind these many years past I leave ter eternity with its mysteries to reveal.

That he is an unreliable and unsafe guide whose idea of truth loving is self loving it is my misfortune in this sad hour to discover.

(Signed) ELIZABETH R. TILTON.
July 23, 1814.

MR. BEECHER'S STATEMENT.

I do not propose this time a detailed examination of the remarkable statement of Mr. Theodore Tilton made before the Committee of Investigation, and which appeared in the Brookly Argus of July 21, 1874. I recognize the many reasons which make it of transcendant importance to myself, the church, and the cause of public morality that I shall give a full answer to the charges against me. But having requested the Committee of Investigation to search this matter to the bottom, it is to them that I must look for my vindication.

But I cannot delay for an hour to defend the reputation of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, upon whose name in connection with mine her husband has attempted to pour shame.

One less deserving of such a disgrace I never knew. From childhood she has had my sincere admirtion and affection. I cherish for her a pure feeling, such as a gentleman might honorably offer to a Christian woman, and which she might receive and reciprocate without moral scruple. I reject with indignation every insinuation which reflects upon her honor or my own.

My regard for Mrs. Tilton was perfectly well known to my family; when serious difficulties sprang up in her household, it was to my wife that she resorted for counsel; and both of us, acting from sympathy, and as it subsequently appeared, without full knowledge, gave unadvised counsel which tended to harm.

I have no doubt that Mr. Tilton found that his wife's confidence and reliance upon my judgment had greatly increased, while his influence had diminished in consequence of a marked change in his religous and social views, which was taking place during those years. Her mind was greatly exercised lest her children should be harmed by views which she deemed vitally false and dangerous.

I was suddenly and rudely aroused to the reality of impending danger by the disclosure of domestic distress, of sickness perhaps unto death, of the likelihood of separation, and the scattering of a family, every member of which I had tenderly loved. The effect upon me of the discovery of the state of Mr. Tilton's feelings, and the condition of his family, surpassed in sorrow and excitement anything that I had ever experienced in my life. That my presence, influence and counsel had brought to a beloved family sorrow and alienation, gave in my then state of mind, a poignancy to my sufferiug which I hope no other man ever may feel.

Even to be suspected of having offered, under the privileges of a peculiary sacret relation, an indecorum to a wife and mother, could not but deeply wound any one who is sensitive to the honor of womanhood. There were peculiar reasons for alarm in this case on other grounds; inasmuch as I was then subject to certain malignant rumors, and a fragrant outbreak in this family would bring upon them an added injury derived from these shameless falsehoods.

Believing at the time that my presence and counsels had tended, however unconsciously, to produce a social catastrephe, represented as imminent, I gave expression to my feelings in an interview with a mutual friend, not in cold and cautious, self-defending words, but eagerly, taking blame upon myself, and pouring out my heart to my friend in the strongest language, overburdened with the exaggerations of impassioned sorrow. Had I been the evil man Mr. Tilton now represents I should have been calmer and more prudent. It was my horror of the evil imputed that filled me with morbid intensity at the very shadow of it.

Not only was my friend affected generously, but he assured me that such expressions, if conveyed to Mr. Tilton, would sooth wounded feeling, allay anger, and heal the whole trouble. He took down sentences and fragments of what I had been saying to use them as a mediator. A full statement of the circumstances under which this memorandum was made I shall give the investigating committee.

That these apologies were more than ample to meet the facts of the case is evident, in that they were accepted, that our intercourse resumed its friendless, that Mr. Tilton subsequently ratified it in writing, and that he has continued for four years, and until within two weeks, to live with his wife.

Is it conceivable, if the original charge had been what is now alleged, that he would have condoned the offence not only with the mother of his children, but with him whom he believed to have wronged them? The absurdity as well as the falsity of this story is apparent when it is considered that Mr. Tilton now alleges that he carried this secret of his wife's infidelity for six months locked up in his own breast, and that then he divulged it to me only that there might be a reconciliation with me! Mr. Tilton has since, in every form of language, and to a multitude of witnesses, orally, in written statements, and in printed documents, declared his faith in his wife's purity.

After the reconciliation of Mr. Tilton with me, every consideration of propriety and honor demanded that the family trouble should be kept in that seclusion which domestic affairs have a right to claim as a sanctury; and to that seclusion it was determined that it should be confined.

Every word of my private and confidential letters which have been published are in harmony with the statements which I now make. My published correspondence on this subject comprises but two elements: The expression of my grief, and that of my desire to shield the honor of a pure and innocent woman.

I do not propose to analyze and contest at the time the extraordinary paper of Mr. Tilton; but there are two allegations which I cannot permit to pass without special notice. They refer to the only two incidents which Mr. Tilton pretends to have witnessed personally: the one, an alleged scene in my house while looking over engravings; and the other, a chamber scene in his own house. His statements concerning these are absolutely false. Nothing of the kind ever occurred, nor any semblance of any such things. They are now brought to my notice for the first time.

To any statement which connects me dishonorably with Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton, or which in anywise would impugn the honored purity of this beloved Christian woman, I give the most explicit, comprehensive, and solemn denial.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BROOKLYN, July 22, 1874.

GREAT FLOOD AT PITTSBURG.

200 Lives Lost.

On last Sunday evening a heavy rain came down upon Alleghany and Pittsburg, suddenly raising the smaller streams which empty into the river at that point. Many buildings were swept away, and 200 persons were drowned by the flood, and the destruction of property was immense.

THE BOSTON FIEND.

The Press despatches of yesterday morning contained the details of the finding of a body of a young girl in a cellar in Boston, another victim of the murderous propensities of the boy fiend, Pomeroy. There are still three other small children missing in the southern environs of Boston, who have undoubtedly been murdered by this young fiend. The history of this boy is a strange one, and reads much more like fiction than the sober truth.

He first came to public notice during the summer of 1872, when he tortured and mutilated some eight or ten little boys in the most shocking manner, and it was only after half the police force was on his track that he was detected and committed to the House of Refuge and Correction. We have conversed with a gentleman who is well acquainted with all the circumstances of his career in 1872, and who had a long conversation with him while he was confined in the Refuge for the mutilation of his little victims.

His mother, Mrs. H. H. Pomeroy, a respectable widow, for a number of years kept a millnery and notion store in Broadway, South Boston, and had managed to give her son a very respectable education. The boy, himself, who is now sixteen years of age, is rather remarkable in his appearance. He has a pleasing and intelligent countenance, while his right eye is very prominent and of a glassy milky color, from which circumstance the victims of his torture in 1872 described him as a "large boy with a white eye." His crimes were of a remarkable morbid character. He would, in 1872, go into the suburban streets of the city carrying a small package, and upon meeting a well-dressed boy of five or six years, give him a sum of money to carry the package to a given point, generally in some unfrequented lane or wood. Young Pomeroy himself would reach the same point by a different route in advance of his victim, and as soon as the boy would reach the place the young fiend would seize and strip him, tie him to a tree or telegraph pole, and begin to torture him systimatically. Sometimes he would gash his victim with a knife, and leave him fainting from loss of blood, to be found hours afterwards by some accidental passer-by. At other times he would be prepared with papers of needles, and after tying up his victim, would fill his arms and legs with needles of various sizes, frequently driving them into the bone. Then again he would vary this system of torture by taking a heavy leather thong and slitting it, improvise a cat-o'-nine-tails, with which he would excoriate his captive.

Torture seems to be his sole object, and his victim said that he was in the habit of laughing and dancing with dilight while administering it. The gentleman to whom we have rferred found him to be a boy of more than average intelligence, and quite extensively read. He asked young Pomeroy what books he delighted most in reading, and he responded promptly and with evident delight. "The History of King Philips's War." This book details the circumstances of one of the most terrible Indian wars that occurred during the early settlement of New England. Upon reference to the book itself, it is found that the Indians were in the habit of torturing their captives in much the same way that Pomeroy tortured the little boys who fell into his power.

When asked if he regarded himself as an Indian, he replied that he was a good deal better Indian than King Philip or any of his warriors. After being detected, he confessed to all his crimes, and was sentenced to Seven years confinement in the House of Refuge and Correction. He did not chafe against the restraints imposed upon him, but submitted to them cheerfully, acknowledging the justice of his punishment, and apparently trying to attone for his revolting crimes. He was penitent and tractable, and the result was that in less than eighteen months he was pardoned out of the Refuge.

His morbid nature had evidently undergone a change during his imprisonment, from torture to murder, although he had so skillfully concealed his feelings that he deceived his keepers and the board of examination. Some five month ago, and a short time after his release, five small children misteriously disappeared from the southern portion of the city of Boston within two or three weeks. At length the mangled body of a boy named Johnny Millin was found in a marsh. The peculiar manner of mutilation at once fixed suspicion upon the lad Pomeroy and he was arrested. When charged with the crime, he did not deny it, but said "they ought to put him some place where he could not do such things." He is now awaiting trial for the murder of the child, Millin. On Saturday last the mutilated remains of little Katy Mary Curran was found concealed in the cellar of the store room lately occupied by his mother. The remains of his other victims have not yet been found.

We regard this as one of the most extraordinary cases of criminality and depravity that is furuished in the world's annals. The murderer has no traits of violence or viciousness about him. On the contrary he is physical perfection, with a face beaming over with kindness. A pleasant smile is always lingering about the corners of his mouth, and the peculiarity of his right eye gives him rather a pleasant expression. A person would hardly think him capable of wantonly crushing an insect, much less murdering his own kind by the wholesale.

Of course, the defense in his case will be insanity. And yet it is next to impossible to detect anything abnormal in his conversation or actions while under restraint. He fully realizes the fact that he is guilty of very grave crimes, and yet protests that he is not aware of any motive that would prompt him to commit them. But that he is insane, there can be no doubt, and we think that the key to his insanity is his enthusiastic study of King Philip's bloody exploits among the Colonists. It is clear that he has imbibed the idea that he is King Philip and that the helpless victims of his devilishness are Europeans and Colonists, who are trying to encroach upon his domain. Upon no other hypothesis can his mania for murder be accounted for. Taken altogether the story of young Pomeroy is as interesting as it is terrible, and if we mistake not when his cases comes up for trial before the Boston criminal court, it will excite more speculation and comment among jourists and men of science, than any case ever tried before in the country.—*Post.*

CRIME IN KENTUCKY.

Louisville, July 23.—Eastern Kentucky mails to-night bring accounts of several terrible tragedies. In Montgomery county, on Sunday last, Mrs. Stevens met a woman of easy virtue, named Eveline Hubbard, in the fields, and attacked her with a hatchet, killing her instantly. Mrs. Stevens suspected Eveline of too great intimacy with her husband. In Breathett county, recently, Jerry Little attacked two brothers named Jett, killing one and severely wounding the other. The difficulty grew out of a family feud. In Morgan county, on Wednesday last, Johnson Oakley shot and killed Wesley Richardson and severely wounded one George with a stray bullet.

A few days ago a poor printer made application to Deacon Smith of the Cincinnati Gazette for employment, and was told to go up stairs and go to work, whereupon the printers held a consultation and decided that as the man did not belong to the Typographical Union he should join it, before he could get a case, and which the printer refused to do. The action of the men riled the Deacon, who immediately set about securing a force of printers, and on Saturday the Union printers were all discharged, some of whom were taken back after withdrawing from membership of the Union. The good Deacon says that so long as he runs the paper he will not permit others to say who he shall and shall not employ, and he is right.

REBERSBURG AND VICINITY.

Rebersburg is right side up.
Labor scarcer than money.
Candidates are shaking hands.
Whortleberries like cherries are o'er.
Our villagers are still improving their homes. Joseph Miller has added a new "portion" to his dwelling. A J. Grammly has commenced to make brick, wherewith a mansion shall sooner or later be erected in our town. S. Frank, Esq. has purchased the lots in the east end of town, formerly belonging to E. Grimes of Tylersville, and has finished fencing the same. He means to add one more brick edifice to our town in due season.
Somebody recently informed us that if work was to be hurried, he would almost go as far as Pittsburg to attend the funeral.
A second crop of potato bugs has taken quarters in Brush Valley. Farmers are in hopes that marching orders will soon reach them.
Among the latest was the shoeing of a horse well-rop ed and laying upon his back.
At last the sad news of the death of Dr. J. H. Zeigler, of this place, must be announced. He died on the 26, inst., of consumption. Truly in him we have lost a friend, as well as an earnest laborer in the church, Sabbath school and the cause of God in general.
Rebersburg Select school has opened on the 27, inst., as announced. Quite a number in attendance.
HEW MOR.

St. Nicholas for August is an excellent number. It contains "The Affair of the 'Sandpiper,'" a story of adventures on the water, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; "A Whaleman's Ghost," a story of the ocean, by J. H. Woodbury, and a poem, telling in a very quaint and amusing way, "How a Little Bird went to Sea," besides a sketch of the life and adventures of a Snail; "The Little Doll that Lied," and many other short stories, and nearly all illustrated with engravings.

—THE GIPSON CHAMPION WASHER.—This wonderful and much needed invention is owned by J. W. Gotwalt, who has been in our place for a short time and has sold quite a number of Machines.

This is the recommendation he gives and for the present inquire of Judge Love, Miss From, John Allen, Mrs. Royer, Mrs. Hissel, Mrs. Foreman, Mrs. Philip Durst, Mrs. Hiram Durst, Mrs. Jno. Emerick, and Mrs. Jno. Odenkirk. 2t.

Assembly.

We are authorized to announce the name of Chester Munson, of Philipsburg, for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of S. T. Shugert, of Bellefonte as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of H. D. Van Pelt, of Centre Hall, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of John F. Krebs, of Ferguson twp., as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of W. K. Alexander, of Millheim, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce that B. F. Philips, of Aaronsburg, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce that S. S. Wolf, of Centre Hall, will be a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce the name of Dr. Peter Smith, of Centre Hall, as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

District Attorney.

We are authorized to announce that J. L. Spangler, of Bellefonte, will be a candidate for District attorney, subject to the decision of the democratic county convention.

Mr. Editor:—Permit me, through your paper, to state that I am a candidate for re-nomination (according to the usages of the party,) for District Attorney.

JOHN F. POTTER.

ESTRAY.—EIGHTEEN EWES and LAMBS, belonging to the undersigned went estray about 3 weeks ago. They all have a blue mark along the back and a black-cross of tar on the side. Persons knowing the whereabouts of the same, will be suitably rewarded for any information.
JACOB M'COY.
30 July. Spring Mills.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Jacob Spangler, late of Potter twp, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned who request all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated by law for settlement.
WM. W. SPANGLER,
JACOB WAGNER, Jr.
30 July-3t. Executors.

IRON, NAILS & STEEL.

I have on hand a large assortment of BAR IRON NAILS & STEEL, which will be sold at the lowest market price.
NER THOMPSON,
jul16-3m Milroy, Pa.

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned is the bone fide owner of the following property, now in the possession of Daniel Horner: All the Crops on the premises, all the live stock, 1 hayrake, 1 broadwheel wagon, 1 harrow, and I plow, and will leave the same in his possession at my pleasure. All persons are therefore cautioned against meddling with the same. GEO. DURST.
23 July.

SETTLEMENT.—Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have appointed Saturday, August 8th, next, as settlement day for all accounts in the Estate of Wm. Gentzel, dec'd, late of Gregg twp., where all persons interested will attend.
GEO. GENTZEL,
HENRY GENTZEL,
jul16 Adm'rs.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the Estate of Daniel Shuey, late of Oak Hall, dec'd have been granted to the undersigned, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims against the same will present them duly authenticated by law.
SAM'L GILLILAND,
jul16 6t Adm'r.

ORGANS.—The SMITH, RYNDER and JUBILEE ORGANS, are among the best recommended organs now offered. Any of these excellent instruments can be seen by calling on the Agent, Wm. Ettinger, Aaronsburg.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of sundry writs of *fieri facias, levari facias, and venditioni exponas*, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre county, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Bellefonte, on Monday, 24th day of August, the following described real estate to wit:

All defendants right in and to the following-described lots of ground situate in the Boro of Bellefonte, beginning at the south side of Logan street, at a point 240 feet east of corner of Tho's Landregan, thence east, along said street, to the corner of lot of Burnside's heirs, 200ft to an alley, thence by north side of said alley, to a point, 240ft east of the line of Thomas Landrican's lot, thence by lot late of Jno. McAllister's estate, 200ft to Longan st. to the place of beginning, being lot No 186, in the General Plan or Plot of said Boro' of Bellefonte.

All that let of ground, on Bishop street, said Boro' described as follows: Beginning at the corner of lot No 160 thence along Bishop st 35ft thence along other portion of lot 159, 200ft to Logan st. 35ft to corner of lot No 160 thence along said lot 200ft to place of beginning, the same being the south western portion or part of lot 159 in the General Plan or Plot of said borough. Seized taken in execution and to be sold as the property of B. V. Black as Garnishee of A. Heistand Glatz.

ALSO:

All the right, title and interest of defendant in a certain tract or lot of ground situate in Union twp., Centre county, bounded on the south by the old plank road, on the north by David Underwood, on the north by land of Sam'l Brugar and others, and on the east by lot of Christ

Farm Garden and Household.

Hints About Work.

Barley, oat, or pea stubble, intended for wheat, should be harrowed or cultivated immediately after harvest, to start any seeds lying on or near the surface. Then plow carefully and well. Harrow and roll. Any weeds that start must be killed by the cultivator. Whether it is or is not best to plow again before sowing, depends on the character of the land and on the weather. On light land and in dry weather, we think it is not desirable to plow the second time. We want to retain as much moisture as possible in the soil, and one or two inches of loose, mellow surface soil, makes a capital mulch, and keeps the soil below moist and in good condition to start the wheat when the seed is deposited in it with a drill.

Weeds on stubbles and in pastures may be cut with a mowing machine, and if the seeds are ripe enough to grow, rake up the weeds with a wire horse-rake and burn them.

If you are short of grass, keep the horses in the stable or yard, and feed cut hay, shorts, and corn-meal. A large horse at hard work requires about sixteen pounds of hay and fifteen pounds of corn-meal per day. A bushel of cut hay weighs about eight pounds, and corn-meal about forty-five pounds per bushel. If you mix half a peck of corn-meal with a bushel of moistened cut hay, and a quart of shorts, you can let the horses have all of this mixture they will eat up clean three times a day. Let them have a little long hay in addition.

If pasture is abundant, turn the horses out at night. If they are at hard work, let them have all of the above mixture of hay and meal they will eat. They will probably eat but little, but they should have all they will eat. Make short nooning, and quit the earlier at night, so as to give the horses longer time in the pasture.

"Corn-meal soup" is an established institution on our own farm. We keep a half-barrel constantly full of water, with a little corn-meal soaking in it. The horses are allowed to drink all they wish. We let them drink the first thing in the morning, and again when taken to work. When brought home at noon, they are also allowed to drink before being put in the stalls, and again when taken out, and so at night. By standing a few hours, the chill is taken off the water, and allowing them to drink when brought in from work, does not seem to hurt them. If the meal gets sour, remove it and feed to the pigs.

Milch cows must have access to pure water. If the pastures are poor, a feed of corn-fodder, cut a few hours before feeding, will be of great value, especially if the cows are fed enough meal to make the corn-fodder as nutritious as the best of grass.

Sheep should have their feet pared; and if there is any reason to apprehend foot-rot, dress their feet with any substance that will kill the virus. We use crude carbolic acid, mixed with an equal quantity of melted tallow, and put it on with a small brush, being careful to cover every part of the hoof, especially between the claws.

Dip the lambs, to kill ticks, in a solution of carbolic soap or tobacco water. Repeat in two weeks. Towards the end of the month, dip the sheep also.

Swine should have access to water. With this, and a good pasture, breeding stock needs nothing more. Young pigs and store hogs, that are to be fattened this fall, should be fed liberally.

Salt seems necessary to the health of all farm animals. They will not eat too much, if they have access to it at all times. If they are allowed to go without salt for two or three weeks, they will then eat more than is good for them. For swine, we mix about two quarts of coal or wood ashes, one pint of salt, and half a pint of sulphur, and let the pigs eat all they will of it.—*Agriculturist.*

John Johnston's Farm.

The *Country Gentleman* has an account of a recent visit to the venerable John Johnston, of Geneva, New York, from which we make an extract in regard to the prime importance of manuring:

"Mr. Johnston came to Geneva from southwest Scotland, fifty-two years ago, with but little capital, comparatively, but having much of the economy, energy and thrift necessary to enable any one to succeed in a comparatively new country. He is now, at the age of eighty-four, a hearty, vigorous farmer, able to oversee his farm and farm-hands, and apparently as capable of directing and conducting all the operations necessary to make a farm pay, as at any time during his long life; and seems to enjoy the competence he has secured, in a remarkable degree.

"On being asked where lay the secret of his success he replied, 'Manure, sir, manure, and plenty of it.' The one main object in his farming has always been to make all the yard manure possible. He said that when he first went upon his farm his means were limited, and he was obliged to borrow money. In order that capitalists should be willing to lend him the money needed from time to time, he was compelled to raise large crops of wheat, which was then the staple crop in Western New York. By bringing the average yield of the farm up from twelve to fifteen bushels per acre to thirty, and never allowing a crop to fail for want of care, cultivation or manure, he became celebrated as a farmer that would be sure to have a crop of grain sufficient to meet all obligations; and moneyed men were willing to lend him all he needed.

"After some years he purchased fifty acres adjoining his original farm, the owner of which said that manure would do no good on the land. In the barnyard there were three years' manure accumulated, which Mr. Johnston obtained with the farm. He paid $1,500 for the fifty acres, the most of which he borrowed; but, said he, 'that manure paid every cent for the farm.'"

Animals that Chew the Cud.

Ruminating animals gather their food rapidly, give it a few cuts with their teeth and swallow it. It goes to an inferior receptacle, where it is moistened. This is very essential if it be dry hay. When the animal has filled himself, he masticates the food thus stowed away in his stomach, raising it cud by cud. When a portion is completely masticated, it passes to another receptacle, and the progress of digestion goes on. Thus an ox left to himself, will raise and masticate all his food thus stowed away in his stomach. If he is pushed and worked hard, and does not have time to masticate, he fails of his flesh, his health is poor, his digestion incomplete.

The horse, on the contrary, however much in a hurry he may be, must masticate each mouthful before he swallows it. A hungry ox, let him into a meadow, will fill himself in twenty minutes, while a horse would want at least an hour and twenty minutes to take the same amount of grass. The ox, deer, sheep, goat, chamois, and rabbit, being the natural prey of ferocious beasts, are endowed with the extra stomach in which hastily to stow away the food for mastication. This may, perhaps, be regarded as a wise provision of nature, enabling them to sally forth where the food is plenty, and in a short time fill themselves and retire to a place of safety to ruminate their food at their leisure.

When to Cut Wheat.

The Parsons (Kansas) *Sun* says: "We have been told by several farmers who know of what they speak, about wheat in this county. The time to cut is just after the grain leaves the milk, and is beginning to make dough. At this time the head and stem will be almost green, having turned very little yellow, if any; shock it up immediately and put two good caps on it, and stack it as soon as dry enough and the strength in the stem will be ample to fill the head perfectly. It is just about this time that the bugs begin to work on the wheat and ruin it; and by cutting and shocking it, it is out of the way of their ravages."

RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.

The Experience of Two Boys Who Longed for "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

In a book, "Among our Sailors," an account is given of two boys who ran away from their homes in Boston, and shipped on the Falcon, under the idea that they would learn the art of navigation and lead a life of pleasant adventure. But they were soon grievously disappointed, and after enduring many hardships they at last escaped from their floating prison and took refuge with the American Consul at Singapore, who aided them in returning to their parents and homes.

From the account of the elder of the two boys, named Charles King, we learn that after engaging to go as apprentices, they were made drunk—which was easy, as they had never tasted liquor before—and in this condition were carried on board the vessel. On recovering their consciousness they found themselves in the forecastle among the crew, and soon realized that they had been deceived, as the ship carried no apprentices. The captain choose to regard it as a mistake, and after the first day took no notice of them, but by the mates and sailors they were treated with the greatest cruelty. The following was one of their first experiences:

It was now night and the breeze freshening, the ship began to roll. We ate a hearty supper, however, and then stood the dog-watch till eight o'clock, when we both retired to our bunks, very much fatigued with the adventures and excitements of the day; and being more tired than ever before, we were soon sound asleep.

But this luxury was not of long duration, for it appeared to us that we had scarcely closed our eyes when we heard the coarse voice of the second mate again calling all hands on deck to shorten sail. The wind was now blowing half a gale. George and I were rather slow getting out, not being used to having our rest disturbed; and no sooner did we reach the deck than the mate gave each of us a good hard kick to help us along, as he said; and it did help us considerably, for the one I received sent me about ten feet.

This was followed by curses and threats as to what we would get if we were not smarter thereafter. We fell to and began hauling on the braces; but the ship heaved and pitched like a cork in a tub-race, and I soon became very sick. Then the second mate kicked me again, and cursed and swore at me terribly, calling me all kinds of foul names, and threatening what he would do to me if I did not look sharp. After shortening sail we were permitted to retire again to our bunks in the forecastle, and this had now become the vilest place I had ever slept it. I kept silent for a while, but George was so worried that he began to compalin.

He told me he thought we had made a great mistake, and would have'a very hard time. He said the sailors who were hauling on the rope where he was tried to crush his feet by trampling on them, saying they smelt "leather." I sympathized with him, and told him how sea-sick I was; but we soon fell off to sleep, only to be awakened to take in more sail.

This time the mate ordered me to go aloft to help reef the maintop sail. I looked up, but was afraid to climb the rope-ladders as yet; and the mate seeing me hesitate, gave me a tremendous blow with his open hand on the left side of my face and ear. I was utterly stunned, and went reeling around the deck as if I were drunk; but he gave me no time for thought, continuing to order me aloft; and, somehow, I know not how, I got to the maintop and out on the yard, holding or lying on the yard, my feet sliding on the footropes, fearing I would fall every instant. I didn't help much to reef that topsail; the ropes were very slippery, and it was raining "cats and dogs," as the sailors said. I was soon wet through and through, and became very dizzy from my elevated position and the lurching of the ship.

Soon the mate ordered me down. The very thought of going down the slippery rigging made me light-headed; and it was so dark I could not see my hand before me. By the kind assistance of one of the sailors, an old man, who went before me and put my feet on the ratlines, I got down to the deck once more. There I was met by the mate, who gave me a terrible blow with a rope's end, which left a welt on my shoulders and back for a week afterward; this, the mate said, was to cure me of a bad habit I had of spitting on the deck, and to learn me to go when and where ordered.

The tears gushed from my eyes, and the blood fairly boiled in my veins. I had never been punished much at home, and it was very hard to endure blows from a stranger. I thought I could kill that mate and second mate; but a moment's reflection taught me that I had only myself to blame, and must suffer in silence, being powerless.

The barbarous treatment and hardships endured by the boys brought on severe illness, so that Charles was entirely unconscious for several days. After their recovery the abuse continued from day to day. Instead of learning navigation they were employed in the most menial service.

I was compelled to scrub out the mate's room, and George the second mate's room, every few days; to black their boots and to keep the sea-mould off the extra pairs; to brush their clothing, to clean out their spittoons, and wash their shirts and underclothing; to mend rents and sew on buttons, all this together with our regular duty as sailors. In fact we were their servants in every respect, except that instead of the pay and good words most servants receive, we got only blows and curses.

Our bodies were black and blue with bruises, our eyes bunged up, and, take us all together, our parents and friends would not have recognized us on the street. Not only did the officers abuse us, but occasionally a coarse, brutal sailor, in an angry mood, would kick and cuff us about the forecastle, and we were made to fetch and carry for them also.

Our clothing disappeared in the most miraculous manner; and when we dared to claim some article of dress on a sailor as ours, such as trousers or jumpers, we would receive abuse for our "impudence." If we complained of such treatment to the mate or second mate, it would be worse for us afterwards. Once George complained to the mate that his extra pair of canvas trousers were gone; the only satisfaction he received was to have another pair issued to him and charged to his account, and then told to bring a chest next time he came to sea.

Nor did the boys experience any adventures till they made their escape.

After a voyage of over four months we arrived at Bombay, where we lay three weeks, within half a mile of the city, but were not allowed to go on shore, although the other sailors were given liberty on Sundays. From Bombay we proceeded to Calcutta, where we lay fifteen days; but all I saw of that city was the church spires in the distance, being refused liberty to go ashore.

We next went to Batavia, island of Java, and being again refused permission to go ashore, George and I took the first opportunity, stowed ourselves in a bumboat, and thus got on shore just as the ship was getting under way for Soerabaya, another port of Java. We left all our clothing and wages behind us, and on reaching the shore had neither money, friends nor clothing, and no place to go to.

The native policeman took the boys to the Dutch authorities, who finding that they were Americans, sent them to the American Consul, by whose aid they were finally restored to their friends in Boston. The writer has had opportunity to know that the experience of these boys is by no means unusual. No boy should run away to sea who is not prepared to encounter like cruelty and hardship. If he cannot overcome his longing for the ocean, let him at least obtain his parents' consent, and engage with a captain and mates who are known to be kind and honorable men.

NEWS OF THE DAY.

Four boys who went out rowing at Passaic, N. J., got near some boys on shore who were firing a salute from a cannon. One of the boys in the boat discharged a pistol simultaneously with the cannon, and the ball from one of the weapons struck Willie Anderson, aged 13, in the throat. He sprang from the boat, swam ashore, ran about forty feet, and fell dead.....Don Carlos has fixed his residence at Tolosa, the capital of the province of Guipuzcoa, Spain.....Eight young men were prostrated by lightning in Rockwood, Tenn., while watching a game of marbles. Nearly all of them were made insensible, and two of them were seriously injured. Physicians were promptly summoned, and late in the afternoon all but the two most injured were doing well, and they were thought to be in a hopeful condition.....The custom authorities at Cadiz, Spain, are exacting tonnage dues of two pesetas per ton upon vessels clearing for America, and one peseta per ton on all crafts sailing for European ports. No warning was given that these dues would be imposed, other than a decree published in the official gazette.....Charles Sigwald, the Buffalo contractor, who was convicted of manslaughter in the fourth degree for the falling of a building under his construction, by which several lives were lost, was sentenced by Judge Haight to pay a fine of $500.....The Spanish Government will shortly call for a fresh levy for the purpose of sending 30,000 men to reinforce the Army of the North.... The verdict of the Coroner's jury in the Mill River disaster investigation censures the Massachusetts Legislature for inadequate and defective legislation on the subject of reservoirs; the mill owners for their parsimonious disregard of life and property; the engineers for ambiguous and insufficient specifications; the contractors for manifest delinquencies and want of thoroughness in their work; and finally, the County Commissioners for accepting a dam so shabbily built when they had the power to order its entire reconstruction.....Reports from the famine districts are much more favorable than heretofore. The crops are in excellent condition and the number of persons employed at the relief works has decreased to two hundred and fifty thousand. Only four hundred thousand are now absolutely dependent upon the government.

The town of Tenedos, on the island of that name in Turkey, has been destroyed by fire. Only ten houses were left standing.....The anniversary of American Independence was celebrated at St. Petersburg with a dinner at the United States Legation, Minister Jewell presiding. In Lisbon a fete was given by the American Minister, whose official residence was handsomely decorated. At Paris there was a liberal display of American flags at the Legation and elsewhere, but no formal celebration took place.....Eight persons, four of each sex, hired a boat and went for a sail on Lake Erie from Buffalo. After being out about an hour an attempt was made to jibe round and return, when the boat capsized and the party were thrown into the water. Six of them were drowned.....An attack on the Portuguese possessions in Lenegambia was made by one of the native chiefs in the neighborhood. The natives are said to have captured 300 prisoners.....Thirty-eight counties in Arkansas give a majority of 41,000 for the Convention.....Anson Marshall, a prominent lawyer, of Concord, N. H., was accidentally shot and mortally wounded while in the company of his wife and child at Long Pond. A military corps were firing at a target in the neighborhood.....The body of a well-dressed man, apparently thirty-five years of age, was found drowned in the frog pond on Boston Common. The water was not over two feet deep. He probably fell in while intoxicated.....Ex-Judge George M. Curtis, formerly of the Marine Court, of New York city, was attacked by two New York gamblers in the Bath Hotel, Bath, L. I. He was so severely injured that he is not expected to live.

Thomas Kemp, who threw his three children into the canal, near New Brunswick, N. J., and then jumped in himself, died the next day. He had long lived unhappily with his wife, and frequently said that he would take his life but for his children. He took his children out for a walk, and for a time was careful that they should not go too near the water. Suddenly, he seized them, one at a time, and threw them in, and then jumped in himself.....A man living in Warsaw, Ind., who was bitten by a mad dog ten days ago, exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia and died. The Mayor of Fort Wayne issued a proclamation directing the police to kill all unmuzzled dogs.... The crime of Joseph Huge, convicted of murder in New Orleans, was that of killing his daughter Caroline. They came together to that city from France, and on the way the girl fell in love with a young man. The father, saddened by the idea of losing his daughter by marriage, and being thus left alone in a strange country, commanded her to break off the intimacy. At the wharf Caroline clung to her lover, whereupon Huge stabbed her to death. The murderer will not be hung, the law of Louisiana allowing such a verdict as the jury rendered—"Guilty, without capital punishment.....The Michigan Central Railroad depot and freight house at Grand Rapids, Mich., was totally destroyed by fire, and also their contents.... A serious riot occurred in Fredericton, N. B., on the occasion of a performance of Lent's circus. A large number of lumbermen were present, and some dispute arising at the ticket office on the subject of change, a row ensued, which ended in the circus people drawing revolvers and firing among the crowd. This, instead of intimidating, only served to incense those present, and as fast as the wounded were carried away others took their places until the circus people were overpowered and some of their wagons were run into the river. At this time the riot assumed an alarming aspect. The fire bells were rung, and the Mayor, with a body of special constables, hastily sworn in, after some trouble succeeded in clearing the ground. Thirteen of the circus men were arrested. It being rumored that the circus was about to leave for St. Stephen, a large body of lumbermen assembled at the station, threatening to tear up the rails. An injunction from the Supreme Court, however, being served in time, the circus was detained till a full investigation can be made.

About one hundred Cuthead Sioux appeared at St. Joseph, a settlement about 207 miles west of Pembina, killed one family of six or eight persons, and burned several houses. The commanding officer at Pembina sent one company to the scene of the massacre, and Col. Green telegraphed him to call on all citizens of Pembina and vicinity who want to aid in their own protection to come in mounted.... The London *Standard* (the Government organ) is strongly opposed to the proposed reciprocity treaty between the United States and Canada. It says such a treaty would virtually obliterate the Canadian boundary lines and be a step towards absorbing Canada into the United States.....Five persons were killed and several wounded by a collision on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railroad.....Two persons were killed and four wounded by an accident on the Vicksburg and Meridian Railroad.....The value of the exports from Great Britain to the United States during the first three months of this year was $58,499,270 a falling off of $4,216,740 compared with the corresponding period in 1873, when the exports amounted to $62,716,010.....San Francisco proposes opening a grand industrial exhibition, for which a large building is being erected.... According to a semi-official statement, the revenue of the United States Government for the fiscal year ending June 30 has been $290,000,000, of which $163,500,000 were derived from customs, $101,300,000 from internal revenue, and $25,200,000 from miscellaneous sources.....Glassware has been ordered in Pittsburgh by a Hamburg firm for the South American market. This is owing to the American pressed ware being very much cheaper than the cut ware of Europe, while it is almost as good.....The Mayor of New York accepted the resignations of Police Commissioners Gardner and Charlick, tendered on account of general pressure against them by public sentiment, and appointed George W. Matsell and John R. Voorhis to fill the vacancies.

The lunacy of a Western geologist takes the form of a theory that the earth is a shell, with an inner concave surface similar to the convex, inhabited by a crude class of people, and that before long this inner world will be discovered and explored by people from the outside.

Mr. H. P. McGrath, when asked recently at what figure he was willing to sell Tom Bowling, answered, "$100,000 in gold; not a dollar less."

THE ENGLISH OMNIBUS,

As Described by the Danbury News Man.

The English 'bus system is superior to ours, both as to the comfort of the passengers and the animals who draw them. On the box with the driver is accommodation for four persons. Running along the roof are two seats, back to back, reached by ladder on each side of the door. Here and inside are sittings for a certain number of people, the number being conspicuously marked on the 'bus, and when this complement is made up no more are taken. Consequently there is no trodding of corns or punches in the chest by the passengers unable to keep their feet.

Each 'bus has its conductor, and the fares, plainly marked inside, are graded with the distance, the lowest being two-pence and the highest six-pence.

The favorite place for the masculines is on top of the 'bus, and the best place is on the box alongside the driver. I know of no better point from which to view the people than the box seat of one of their 'busses.

And the driver is a character in himself. Being naturally of a conflding nature—although you might not suspect it, looking at him from the walk—yet he thaws quickly to the man at his elbow, and will volunteer bits of information, sentiment and opinion with the greatest freedom. He is apparently a reckless driver, and so are all the English drivers, yet with all my riding about I saw but one collision, and that being by a 'bus with a cab, was easily understood.

Between the 'bus driver and the cabman there is a rancorous feeling of hatred which is most grateful to all the senses of the traveler who has suffered at the hands of the latter, because the motive power and wheels of the former are so much greater and heavier that the utter discomfiture of the latter is a sure thing in event of their coming together.

I cannot explain why this animosity exists between the two classes, but it does exist, and this fact should content us without desiring to pry into its causes.

I use the term "cursing" unadvisedly perhaps. We understand by that, profanity, but the English are not given to "profanity." Whether this is because of there being no stoves here, or because of their religious training, I am not prepared to state. But they do not take the name of their God in vain. It is rarely you hear it done in London, or among the better classes anywhere in England. They are profuse with their "blarsted," and "bloody," and "dem," but nothing more serious.

But they have a way of saying these when in a hurry, that rarely fails of searing the target, especially if that target is a stranger.

On the 'bus you will hear such pleasant admonitions as these delivered to people or teams in the way: "Come now, where are you?" "Whey there, blockhead!" "Look sharp, cawn't you?" "Don't go to sleep, old man!" and the like, all pronounced with a breadth of accent calculated to electrify the most stolid.

Fight with a Panther.

J. A. Surby, who lives about twelve miles from Little Rock, Ark., and who cultivates a plantation, is a great hunter. For the past year he had been annoyed by a large panther, and until a short time since had been unsuccessful in meeting the brute. On the night mentioned he took his rifle, which carries thirty-two to the pound, and proceeded to a deer-lick, where he had previously erected a platform in a large tree. He climbed up to the perch and ensconced himself for a night's watch for deer. He heard these animals walking around in the vicinity, and kept very quiet, waiting for their approach. While sitting there, with his good rifle well in hand, he was astonished to see his old enemy—the cougar—glide through the undergrowth and climb into a tree a few paces from his stand. The beast was watching for deer, too. Raising his gun noiselessly Surby took aim at the magnificent animal, and the report saw him fall a shapeless mass to the ground. Surby lowered himself from his perch, and forgetting all about venison in his triumph over the panther, walked up to the dead beast, suddenly the corpse rose into the air, with a terrible spring, and lighting on Surby's side—he having dodged in the nick of time—tore all the clothing off the left side of his body and limbs.

As he swerved, the cautious, quick-eyed hunter dealt a blow with his clubbed gun at the panther, smashing the stock to atoms. The wounded brute came again to the attack, and slashed his antagonist from top to toe, without, however, wounding Surby. The latter, with nothing but the barrel of his gun as a weapon, drove a terrible blow into the panther's skull and flattened him out.

The dimensions of the brute were nine feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, and he was royally muscled and beautifully marked. The hunter now has the skin hanging as a trophy on the outer wall of his dwelling, and a gunsmith has the shattered rifle putting it into trim for another bout with the wild beasts which abound in Surby's neighborhood.

Celebrating the Fourth.

The New York *Tribune* gives as a reason for the abolition of the manner in which the people of the United States celebrate Independence Day, if, it says, "we were a people accustomed to stop after a disaster and count the cost." It adds:

One riot, six brutal affrays, thirty-five fires, forty children seriously wounded, at least three persons killed outright, and one child burned to death, form the total of the casualties connected on the celebration of the Fourth in New York and Brooklyn. And as these are only the casualties which were thought serious enough to be reported at Police Headquarters, doubtless the full extent of loss and suffering can never be known. It may be safely set down that the above enumeration does not exaggerate the horrors of the "glorious day we celebrate."

This, be it remembered, is the black list for only two cities of the country. Judging from the fact that in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania, alone, one hundred houses fell a sacrifice to the small boy and the fire-cracker, it is not improbable that the casualties for the rest of the cities equal in ratio those of the Metropolis. The statistics for the nation, if they could be collected, would doubtless be curious, and certainly they would prove alarmieg.

Artificial Incubation.

A lady residing in Paterson, N. Y., kept a half dozen or more hens, and has been astonished at the strange manner in which a nest full of eggs were hatched. A quantity of manure had been thrown from the stable, and lately the children heard young chickens in this pile. They at once called the attention of their mother to the fact, who, to solve the mystery, directed that the heap be pulled down. When this was done a short distance from the surface a cavity was discovered in which were nine little chicks. The hen had managed to make her nest in a cavity in the heap, and after laying eleven eggs, the opening had been closed by the stableman piling on more of the cleanings from the stable. The warmth generated in the heap had incubated the eggs, and nine of the eleven hatched out. This may be a discovery which some one may turn to account.

ONE OF NATURE'S POETS.—It is said that on one occasion, as Miss Wordsworth, sister of the poet, was passing through a wood which the stock-dove was filling with its soft music, she fell in with a country woman who exclaimed: "I am so fond of stock-doves!" "Oh," thought Miss Wordsworth, "at last I have come on one of nature's poets, with a soul to appreciate the beautiful music of the birds." Very ruthlessly was the dream dissipated by an explanatory remark of the woman's, "Some likes them in pies, and some likes them roasted; but for my part I think there's nothing like them stewed with onions."

Polly's Husband.

Our pretty friend Polly is fast going, just now, the way of all Pollies; in stately drawing-rooms of country seats, or in boats knocking about in the surf off Mt. Desert, or milking Brindle, while Steve, the driver, leans over the fence of the cow-yard. When next June comes, she will be a married Polly, and know the difference between the husband of her dreams and the man whom she has seen in-doors and out, hungry and full, sea-sick and shaving. As to how Polly accepts the difference, and the temper with which she bears it, for the rest of her life—there are matters which actually affect our welfare and that of the next generation more than contraction or treaties with Canada. The husband of her maiden fancy in these midsummer reveries is usually a masterful fellow, with hair and whiskers of the complexion of Steve's or Theodore's; there is a vague background behind him of bank or office or stable, out of which will come unlimited supplies for a cosy little house and new polonaises through the procession of years to come—polonaises of velvet or de bege, as the case may be; but he, the central figure, will give up his whole existance to love—love. Of course she means that he shall cut a good figure among other men; the world will take him for an original, strong fellow; but she knows that he will be only a bigger, rougher Polly; her opinions, when they are made into flesh and moustache, coat and trousers. He shall have that outwardly dominant aggressive way, without which no hero has been admirable in women's eyes since the days of Jane Eyre; but, in fact, he shall obey her lead everywhere, at home, in the church, or in society, just as the thread follows the sharp little needle in her hand.

Now, by next June, Polly having been Mrs. Theodore or Steve for a year, her husband's likeness to this ideal lover will have vanished altogether out of sight. Ten chances to one that as they lie to the salt sea wave or husk corn in the kitchen in company, he will not give ten minutes a day to the love-making in which his soul delights just now. Tortures of jealousy and aptures will give way to remarks on Potts's new turn-out or grunts over the lean ribs of the young porkers. His faith in his wife will be written down side by side with his faith in his Maker, and he does not care to handle either, or make them common with talk. It does not occur to him to adopt Polly's ideas and tastes; though he leaves them to her good-humouredly. He laughs when she lauds Mr. Middleman as a second Whitfield, and rents a front pew for her to listen to the flowery platitudes, but stays at home himself. He keeps silent when she nags the cook and berates the shop girls; though he does not believe they are all a cordon of sharpers and cheats encircling her. In short, he has his own opinions and a Steve, quite willing that she should keep hers, and be Polly. In a year or two, other doors, unknown now, may open in his nature; capabilities, pursuits, even passions appear, wherein Polly can take no share. Souls nearest akin do not lie parallel all the way; and, assuredly, some day the plump little wife will find a strange little bird in her nest to whom her husband will pay far more vigorous court than he has done to her for many a day. Not a woman, necessarily; a lucky chance in corner lots perhaps; a morning newspaper to push; a new fertilizer or ruta-baga turnip. All the same, Polly will recognize her rival. She and her lover are not twin souls any more; there are a dozen points at which they go off at a tangent from each other—cigars, say, or Bob's schooling, or the fit of his shirt collars, or the length of his married sister's visits. If Polly belong to the minority of women, she will keep her ideal picture closeted away in her inner consciousness and set out in search of the original, leaving her middle-aged Steven or Theodore in the lurch; in this train come all the divorce cases and countless miserable histories which never find their way into the courts.

But our Polly, most probably, is one of the mass of healthy, easy-tempered, unnoteworth women who keep the world's private ways clean and sweet only by living in them. In all likelihood her early ideal will drop out of sight, as ridiculous in her remembrance as the old-fashioned gown in which she was married, and she will patiently wait until the truant fancy of her husband come back to her. There is no magnet to hold him like the certainty of the steady love of a sweet-tempered wife.

The Railways of the United States.

The annual "Manual of Railways of the United States" says:—The inauguration of railways in this country may be said to date from the year 1830, when railways were in operation to the extent of 23 miles. At the close of 1873 there were seventy thousand, six hundred and fifty-one miles of railway in operation. This great increase, during the brief time of forty-three years, is something marvelous to contemplate. The grand average cost is put down by Mr. Poor at $60,000 per mile, or upwards of four thousand millions of dollars in the aggregate. The total earnings were over $526,000,000 and the operating expense to per cent. thereof, or $342,600,000, leaving as net earnings the sum of $183,810,000, out of which interest on bonds and stock dividends were paid. The average of the latter were 3.45 per cent. on the capital stock, the aggregate of which is one thousand nine hundred millions of dollars.

During the year 1873 the increase in railway construction was 3,916 miles, against 6,167 miles for 1872. The expenditure for construction in 1873 is less by 50 per cent. than in 1872. This sudden great contraction in payments, amounting to more than $120,000,000, was disastrous in its effects upon the various branches of industry connected with railway building. But as soon as Congress shall fix upon some decisive settlement of the national finances, whereby a lower rate of interest for the American indebtedness can be established, then railway bonds will improve in value, and a more extensive construction may be expected. As compared with Europe, the United States are considerably in advance in the matter of railway mileage.

The aggregate of railways in 1873 in the various countries of Europe was as follows: Germany, 12,207 miles; Austria, 5,865; France, 10,333; Russia, 7,044; Great Britain, 15,814; Belgium, 1,301; Netherlands, 886; Switzerland, 820; Italy, 3,667; Denmark, 420; Spain, 3,401; Portugal, 453 Sweden and Norway, 1,049; Greece, 100.

	Miles.	Population.
Railroads in '73 in Europe,	63,360	282,456,742
" U. States,	70,650	40,232,000

Death by Medicine.

There can be no doubt that people are sometimes killed by taking to much medicine, and even collectors of medicine fare badly. An exchange says that the hunters for Peruvian bark, a famous specific for fevers, are exposed to many dangers.

The cascarilleros, or bark-hunters, are very avaricious and very brave, going out alone, setting up a hut and diverging from their headquarters in every direction. If by any accident they are lost, or their provisions destroyed, they die of hunger. Dr. Weddell, on one occasion, in Bolivia, landed on the beach of a river well shaded with trees. Here he found the cabin of a cascariller, and near it a man stretched out upon the ground in the agonies of death. He was nearly naked, and covered with myriads of insects whose stings had hastened his end. On the leaves which formed the roof of the hut were the remains of the unfortunate man's clothes, a straw hat and some rags, with a knife, an earthen pot containing the remains of his last meal, a little maize, and two or three *chunus*. Such is the end to which their hazardous occupation exposes the bark-collectors—death in the midst of the forests, far from home; a death without help and without consolation.

A Sad Case.

A woman who was arrested in Troy, N. Y., a few nights ago on the charge of drunkenness said that previous to the late war she resided with her husband and family on a large plantation near Pensacola, Fla., owning, besides 180 slaves, $200,000 worth of property. She and her husband, who had been brought up in Maine, refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, and they were compelled to come North. All their property, excepting $30,000 in a New York bank, was confiscated. With the $30,000 her husband began to speculate and lost. In 1867 he died, leaving her almost penniless. Since that time she has traveled from place to place. She says that she still has the interest of $10,000, which is deposited in bank for the benefit of her children, six in number, when she dies. She says that she was intoxicated when arrested, but drank only a few glasses of ale, intending to take the evening boat for New York. When arrested she was smoking a cigar in the street.

THE CHICAGO IN FLAMES.

A Fire Threatens to Destroy the City.

A destructive fire broke out in the city of Chicago which at one time threatened to again destroy the city. The fire started on Clark street, and as the wind was blowing a gale at the time the flames spread with fury. A report says:

Fate seems not yet to have exhausted her cornucopia of disasters for Chicago. Her citizens have been in the habit of congratulating themselves, since the terrible desolation of 1871, that their beautiful capital would henceforward enjoy an immunity from the more extensive calamities of fire, hugging to their hearts the old delusion that lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

This fancy seems to have haunted the official mind also, for, in the debate on the subject of the fire limits, which occurred after the conflagration of 1871, the majority of the Council were unwilling to have them so far extended as to reduce the future chances of sudden destruction to a well regulated improbability.

The consequence has been that many old rookeries were left standing in the very heart of the city, or so near the edges of the district containing the most valuable business establishments and residences of the south and north sides as to constitute magnificent feeders for another great fire. It is again teaching a lesson to the people of Chicago, which it seems the destruction of $150,000,000 of property did not suffice to impress on their minds.

The alarm struck for a fire on Clark street, near Twelfth, a locality about a half mile west of the lake and a mile and a half south of the river. There was little alarm felt at first, although the buildings in the neighborhood were peculiarly adapted to propagate the flames, consisting mostly of wooden shanties, lining blind alleys or else lightly built structures used for business purposes on Clark street.

This spot is about a quarter of a mile southwest of the southern limit of the great fire. The wind had been blowing strong all day, and the long continued dry weather, hardly interrupted by a thunder storm, had made the conditions favorable for a conflagration.

Though the fire department had a large force promptly on hand, they utterly failed to get any control of the flames. The same terrible mistake, worse than a crime, in a case where experience had before taught such an eloquent lesson, was again committed. Instead of fighting the swiftly increasing flames from the front the engines were stationed in the rear. The fire continued to grow in fierceness every moment. The same scene began to be enacted which gave such a terrible picturesqueness to that never-to-be-forgotten night of the year 1871.

For a distance of five blocks wide all along the threatened line of the fire residents and business proprietors commenced to tumble their goods and furniture into the streets. From far and wide carts and drays gathered, like vultures to a feast of the dead.

It was a scene of terrible activity, for the fire advanced with the speed of a race horse. Though the wind in other parts of the city had commenced to decline, yet the draught made by the flames was very strongand the fire grew by what it fed upon in a double sense. By half-past five o'clock a great gap of several acres was left bare and ragged under the lurid smoke between Clark and State streets.

The excitement in the wealthy, business and residence portions of Wabash and Michigan avenues can easily be fancied. The remembrance of the past stimulated the imaginations of people to the uttermost, and the blank of utter despair on many faces suggested how deeply the expectation of a great visitation had struck home. In spite of the rapid arrival of trucks and drays they were insufficient, and when the fire reached Wabash avenue, about seven o'clock, a great number of houses were found entirely unprepared for its proper reception.

By one of those strange freaks so common in great fires, however, the flames took a sudden turn, and swept back into State street again, giving a respite to the streets nearest the lake. They advanced steadily and swiftly up this thoroughfare, which is one of the most valuable business sections of the city, burning everything in their path, even the so-called "fireproof buildings," presumed to be utterly impregnable before this attack. The people several blocks away from the track of the conflagration, where there was no probability of danger unless the wind should change, became alarmed, and there was general exodus of goods and furniture, so far as vehicles could be obtained. One reason for the rapid advance of the fire seems to have been a short supply of water.

Up to half-past nine the fire was confined to State street, in its northward progress. It there shot off at right angles as well as it could be traced forward. Van Buren street, east of State, was soon in flames. Thenceforward the width of the burning tract was nearly doubled.

About twenty-five whole blocks were destroyed, representing a probable value of fifteen millions of dollars. Some of these blocks are of extreme length, with structures of great value on them.

The general course of the flames may be mapped out as follows: Starting from near the corner of Twelfth and Clark streets, four or five blocks on both of these streets north, thence on Clark street about five blocks, across to State street on Polk, burning both north and south, ravaging as far as Eldridge court in the one direction, while the sea of flame was still pursuing its way to the north, on State street, to Van Buren, and from thence to Wabash avenue.

There are statements that the inceptive of the fire was the act of a peddler in revenge for some injury done him by the inhabitants of the house where the conflagration started. Such rumors, however, are so doubtful that of course they cannot be trusted. The region I speak of is inhabited largely by negroes, the lower classes of Irish, Bohemians, etc., all of them poor and living in rookeries. There are several rag shops and oil factories in the vicinity, and when the trnth comes to be fully sifted out it is more than probable that the cause will be found to have been a more innocent one than I have alluded to.

Among the more costly structures burned are the Interoceanic block, the First Baptist church, the Church of the Messiah, Wood's Hotel, the Continental and St. James Hotels, O'Neil's block, the Postoffice, and a large number of massive blocks, whose names I have not now at hand.

The Flying Comet.

An exchange, writing of the comet, says: "From unknown space somewhere in the north, and at a sharp angle to the earth's orbit, it has come rushing down to give one giddy whirl around the sun and then dash back again into the realm of chaos and old Night. This evening, though we see it so clearly, it is 55,000,000 miles away. Of such distances we can form no conception. A cannon ball starting with an initial velocity of 1,500 feet per second, and never slacking its speed, would not traverse this space in six years. On this very day the particles of matter flowing from the comet which are likely to surround the earth within a fortnight have just started on their backward flight from the sun. Anything on this earth traveling at a similar speed would complete the distance from New York to Chicago in seven minutes and go around the world three times in twenty-four hours. While every fresh observation adds to the probability that this will be one of the most magnificent comets the world has ever seen, and enlarges the possibility that the earth may pass through some portion of the matter emanating from it, the facts are also accumulating to prove that its effect upon the earth will be almost, if not utterly, imperceptible. It is now known that after Biela's comet split itself in twain, the earth, in November, year before last, passed through one of the dissevered portions."

People who are weary of the dull safety of civilization and who pine for the excitements of savage life, should move to Bancroft, Mo., where there is a plenty of bears, who walk unblushingly up to the houses, kill young cattle, and even dog the footsteps of pedestrians.

"The leaves were for the healing of the nations."

A Valuable Medicinal Herb.

By R. V. Pierce, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y.

Smart-Weed, sometimes called Water-Pepper, but known by Botanists as *Polygonum Punctatum*